PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUN 2 1941

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXI. No. 532 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	449
THE CASE FOR CANDOUR	451
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	452
THIS ENGLAND	453
PHILHELLENES. By H. N. Brailsford	453
RECONSTRUCTION 1916 AND 1941. By Elizabeth Denby	454
THE WHEEL COMES FULL CYCLE—II. By C. E. M. Joad	455
"THE WITNESS." By Y. Y.	456
SEVEN DEADLY SUITCASES. By T. D.	457
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	459
PLAYS AND PICTURES	459
CORRESPONDENCE	459
From Edward Thompson; Irishman; Basil Burton; Jenifer Wayne; Ordnant; W. E. Williams; Iris Murdoch; J. H. Symons; Shorthand-Typist; J. H. Lothar.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	462
REVIEWS:	
Two Professors. By Tom Harrison	462
A Palm-Tree Eradicated. By Raymond Mortimer	464
Reviews—*contd.*	Page
Public Ownership. By W. A. Robson	465
Nations as Animals. By Olaf Stapledon	466
U.S.A. By Louis MacNeice	466
Happy Endings. By T. R. Fyvel	467
SHORTER NOTICE	467
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	468
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	470
CROSSWORD	470
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Urbanus	471

GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR

In some periods and countries it has been the custom when military disaster occurs to shoot a few generals or politicians. Our more civilised habit is to confer peerages on a few leaders and shuffle a few members of the Cabinet. On this occasion, while everyone acknowledges Mr. Churchill's leadership as essential, the House of Commons is still sufficiently representative to show much uneasiness and to demand a full debate on the conduct of the war. Mr. Churchill dismissed the suggestion of an Empire Cabinet, such as that which Mr. Lloyd George presided over in the latter stages of the last war, with more acerbity than anyone expected. The appointment of Mr. Menzies, whose visit to this country has been a great success and who is constructively critical behind the scenes as well as publicly encouraging, has been suggested, while General Smuts has his experience of the last war as well as other obvious qualifications to commend him. He talked good sense in his speech over the week-end, when he reminded us that this is a defensive war; he might help to modify the romantic nationalism which is one of this country's principal dangers. A second suggestion, to which we imagine Mr. Churchill is not opposed, is the appointment of a second-in-command, whose direction of the home front would be parallel to Mr. Churchill's control of the defensive services. This country is faced with the prospect of a far more drastic siege than any it has known yet. If Hitler were to succeed—we must face the possibility—in winning the battle of the Suez and closing the Mediterranean to Britain, he will be in a position to threaten these islands with even greater violence. He can apparently repeat, as he wishes, the tactics that are reducing Plymouth to rubble. Even so, on our side we have behind us the immense asset of American material and moral support; we can confront Hitler with the knowledge that though he may be temporarily master of Europe he cannot conquer England if America is effectively committed to our aid. But we shall have in any case to face the fact that the loosening of the Nazi hold on Europe will be a long process, which must come from within Europe itself, and which we believe will occur in any case as the Nazis find themselves increasingly unpopular in countries where they had hoped that their Quislings would do the job for them. We need all our brains and the best home organisation possible for the ordeal, and admittedly neither in the economic nor in the propaganda fields have we yet found the right leadership. We need above all a man at the head of the home front who understands the meaning of the economics and the psychology of siege. The basis of both is equality of treatment.

Have we in fact to face the possible loss of the Mediterranean and Near East as a whole? It is too soon to say; in any case there will be a grim struggle in Egypt. It is nonsense to pretend that this is a secondary theatre in the war, save in the literal sense that our own island comes first. The loss of Suez would be instantly reflected in the conduct of every Power that is not yet an active belligerent. It would make it impossible to maintain Spanish resistance to any demands from Hitler: it would fling Vichy without reserves into the Nazi camp: it might well be the signal—no doubt prearranged with Hitler—for a Japanese attack on the Dutch islands. Finally it would bring within the New Order economic resources that would end any idea of an effective British blockade.

The threat to Suez comes visibly from two directions. The German mechanised rush through Libya has now penetrated Egypt, and the intention may be to supplement the advance along the coast by a wider sweeping movement farther south accompanied by a mass parachutist operation, in the area of the Canal itself. Its communications stretch from Genoa through Sicily to Tripoli and thence over 700 miles of the coast road. That sounds difficult and there is still complacent talk about the German tanks finding difficulties in the desert sands in the summer, just as there was talk about Hitler's mechanised forces finding the mountains of Jugoslavia impassable, but there is no reason to expect that the Germans will fail to attack in country where even the Italians advanced. It was not lack of munitions or oil or even water that led to their rout. But our threat to this line from Tobruk is a new feature in this campaign: the navy has hammered Tripoli and the R.A.F. maintains an incessant offensive

against airfields and columns on the road. A graver threat to Egypt may now develop from the North. The Turks, as we pointed out last week, have allowed German troopships from Bulgarian ports to pass the Bosphorus, and after Lemnos they have now occupied the chain of Greek islands along the Turkish coast which command the Gulf of Smyrna and link up with the Italian bases in the Dodecanese. From Rhodes their bombers are within easy range of Alexandria and the Canal. Once before, if we may believe the German wireless news, the Canal was closed for four weeks by the dropping of mines. Their dive-bombers have also to be considered. On the other hand, we may feel sure that heavy reinforcements have now reached Egypt, both from Abyssinia and from home, to say nothing of the forces evacuated from Greece. Crete as well as Cyprus forms an outer barrier for the defence of the Nile Delta.

It is, however, evident that German strategy in the Middle East aims at realising a much more ambitious plan than this, political as well as military. One idea may be to by-pass Turkey: air-borne troops might fly from island to island until they effected a landing in Syria. With the aid of their accomplices among the Arabs, there and in Irak, and with the passive consent of Vichy, they might then try to bring these Arab lands openly into the Axis system. Two centres of resistance are in their way: Cyprus and our Indian forces at Mosul. At the worst we have the ability to destroy the oil-wells and the pipe-lines. In this shifting political landscape the behaviour to be expected from the Turks is not yet certain. The Germans will not directly challenge them at first: they will encircle them, as in fact that have done already, tempt them with trade pacts (of which one with Hungary is said to be concluded), and finally, when it is too late to resist, extort from them a full compliance with demands for the use of their railways and roads.

We argued at an early stage of the struggle for Egypt, that the key lay in Syria, and we suggested then that a joint Anglo-Turkish offer of guaranteed independence should be made to the Syrians. It may now be too late to make any use of that idea. We now have in this part of the world only two trustworthy friends, the Greeks in Crete and Cyprus and the Jews in Palestine. These latter we have persistently cold-shouldered and neglected and they now face the possibility of tragedy. The Foreign Office preferred to conciliate only the reactionaries—the Fifth Column among the Arab magnates of Palestine and Irak, our enemies in Vichy and our open foes in Spain. Even to-day, with the Germans speeding towards Bagdad, the puppet of the Axis, Raschid Said, is still at the head of the Government of Irak and that arch-conspirator, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, is still at large. This policy of appeasing the wrong people has complicated our military task and made the problem of the defence of Suez more difficult than it need have been.

The Home Front (*from an Economic Correspondent*)

The failure to establish the logical principles and practice of siege economics means that the Government staggers from one provisional measure to another in its attempts to mitigate the economic hardships arising from the war. The latest of such measures is the Liabilities (Wartime Adjustment) Bill. Under this bill liabilities adjustment officers will be appointed to whom debtors may apply for advice and assistance to enable them to arrive at an equitable and reasonable scheme of arrangement with their creditors. In particular the scheme of arrangement is to enable them, if they carry on business or, but for war circumstances, would carry on business, to preserve that business or to recover it when circumstances permit. Up to now debtors have only been protected by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act under which, although moratoria were granted, obligations went on piling up and the post-war outlook for many persons became hopeless. The present bill provides a court procedure which can bring about a definitive readjustment of liabilities. But it should be noted that this is entirely at the expense of the creditors. The State repudiates any liability in the matter. As Mr. Garro Jones pointed out, this simply creates new inequalities as between creditors. For example creditors of people in evacuated areas will suffer largely and incur injustice in comparison with creditors of those classes of people who have prospered despite the war. Where is the logic or the equity in this? As Mr. Jones emphasised, according to the principles of total war the State should be the great leveller of war profits and war losses and should apportion them among the whole community.

* * *

How much longer will the Government resist the increasing demand for family allowances? Every day there is evidence of fresh support. The number of names of Members of Parliament put down this week in support of a resolution asking for a national State-paid scheme of allowances for dependant children now numbers 135; 70 of these are Conservative, 50 Labour, 10 Liberal, and 5 Independent. They include such names as Mr. Erskine-Hill, Sir George Schuster, Mr. Shinwell, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, Mr. Graham White, Lord Winterton. This is a formidable proportion of those Members of Parliament who are neither members of the Government nor away on war work. The large number of Labour Members gives good ground to hope that a favourable report on the subject will shortly be issued by the Labour Party and the T.U.C. There is considerable unanimity as to the type of scheme asked for. This is a State scheme of not less than 5*s*. a week to be paid, normally to the mother, and is to start with the first child, though it should be noted that in view of the fact that to start with the second child would halve the expense, some are in favour of so doing. It should also be noted that never has there been a time when so many children are already paid for by the State at a jumble of different rates, none of which appears to be based on any scientific estimate of a child's needs. These include most of the evacuees, children of men in the Forces, children of widows and of the unemployed, and the recently greatly extended number of Income Taxpayers, to whom tax rebates on behalf of children are allowed. To give allowances to all children and to bring up to 5*s*. allowances paid under other schemes, which are less than this sum, would not therefore make a large demand on the nation's funds, and would be far more economical than any considerable extension of the Government's "hit or miss" method of food subsidies, as these help so many who do not require them. It is interesting to hear that the Federal Government of Australia is just about to introduce a scheme State financed, which is to give 5*s*. to children of all income levels in the Commonwealth, starting from the second child.

* * *

The following semi-official statement, presumably from the Ministry of Food, appeared in last Saturday's evening papers.

> Golden juicy oranges—mountains of them—were being unloaded at Covent Garden to-day. Housewives who would like some of these oranges should leave their washing on Monday morning and keep a look-out for the fruit which is likely to reach the shops by then. It will be a case of first come first served.

The most appalling thing about this is the blissful ignorance of the effect of such crass pronouncements on the population and the world at large. After the experience of the last war and twenty months of this one the authorities blandly announce this method of dealing with a commodity in very short supply. Housewives are to drop everything, on Monday morning of all times, and scurry round the shops. The fatuous principle of first come first served is blithely propounded. Of course the result was a fiasco which has filled the columns of the papers. We don't know who got the oranges except on the evidence of Mrs. Barbara Gould who has been investigating at Covent Garden for the *Daily Herald*, that a lot of private individuals have been getting boxes of 100 specially consigned to them.

* * *

Mr. James Griffiths, the M.P. for Llanelly, has ventilated a case in the House which peremptorily demands the establishment of a general principle on war disabilities. One of his constituents who had suffered from a mild attack of rheumatic fever in youth had performed laborious work in a tinplate factory for eight years with only 12 days absence through an attack of influenza. He was passed A1 for the Army in December 1939, broke down after three days and after a long period in hospital was eventually discharged as unfit. His value in the labour market is now so low that no one would employ him except on compassionate grounds. He has been refused a pension on the grounds that his disability was not caused by his service in the Army nor materially aggravated by it. According to the specialist appointed to decide the case on appeal (who incidentally did not see the man personally) the disabled man was suffering from mitral stenosis, a later development from the childhood rheumatic fever, and not from the rheumatism he was suffering from at the time. We hope there will be an emphatic repudiation by the country and the House of this type of

decision. Men for the Army are passed by a medical board of five doctors with a chairman. If a man is passed A1 by these experts and emerges from the Army in a lower category the State must accept the responsibility for the deterioration. We ought not to tolerate such official sophistries and quibblings as those put forward by the Minister of Pensions in this instance. If doctors can err in passing a man A1 they can err in diagnosing the cause of any subsequent deterioration, and in view of the helplessness of the ordinary man against the State apparatus the benefit of any doubt should be given to the individual. The Minister admitted that in the early days of the war many men who ought never to have been accepted were taken into the Forces. The onus in such cases must be on the State. The Minister finally destroyed his whole case when he denied that there is widespread trouble over these cases because, he asserted, there are not many of them. If this is so, then the State incurs no great burden by assuming the responsibility. We hope Mr. Griffiths and other M.P.s will, if necessary, adopt Plimsollian methods to get these injustices remedied.

Temper of the House (*from a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Although he had refused it two days earlier, the Prime Minister, at the end of the last Parliamentary week, finally agreed to a debate on the progress of the war which the House demanded. The debate is to be held on the first sitting day after this week. In scope it is to cover not only the Greek campaign, but also the whole field of our war effort.

Seasoned Parliamentarians felt the Prime Minister had committed a serious tactical error in basing the debate upon a vote of confidence in the Government. Was this due to the operation of that " defence mechanism " to which Dick Law, in reply to a question earlier in the day, ascribed the apparent reluctance of a Brigadier to listen to Herbert Williams' complaint about the slackness of soldiers in Croydon? Does the Prime Minister feel it necessary to challenge their loyalty by a vote of confidence? Surely the object of this debate is not to stifle discussion by putting on the whips. The object should be to secure a full and frank discussion in the light of which the Prime Minister may correct the palpable weaknesses in his team and in our organisation for war.

Why frame the motion in such a way that no Member can vote against it to express his dissatisfaction with the organisation of our war effort without laying himself open to the charge that he is opposed to paying our debt of honour to Greece? It is almost impossible to find a single Member who does not agree that we should have gone to the assistance of Greece. It is no less difficult to find a Member who is not profoundly disturbed at grave defects in the organisation of our war effort, defects in either the military or the economic sphere which his own personal experience enables him to assess with some accuracy. It should not be forgotten that these defects are also becoming obvious to the " man in the street," and that he is also beginning to comment on them. His anxieties cannot be dispelled by the action of the party whips. They can only be dispelled by a discussion on the floor of the House which goes some way to express his point of view.

Members felt the Prime Minister's reply to Granville's question asking for the setting up of a small War Cabinet composed of Members freed from departmental responsibilities and irrespective of party considerations was ominous. They felt this because the Prime Minister made it clear that he stood by his statement made during the course of the second man-power debate, when he accused the critics of fussing around when the Government had already stoked up the boilers and were getting up steam. The Greek campaign decisively proves that we are still short of material. The engine cannot operate at full pressure because the head of steam is still disastrously inadequate. So Greece follows Norway and Dunkirk.

That the Prime Minister is bearing too great a burden upon his shoulders because of the inadequacy of his team is common ground with all Members. None would deny, either, that the production of war material is being hampered by failure to co-ordinate the activities of the many departments involved. Through lack of effective direction from above, departments too often reach compromises which soothe departmental susceptibilities but fail to deliver the goods. Much will be heard of these problems during the course of the debate. One thing is certain. Whether or not the debate leads to the tightening up and strengthening of our war effort, which everyone in the country recognises as necessary, depends neither upon Members of Parliament nor upon the man in the street. It depends upon the Prime Minister alone. At this moment he has the power and the prestige to make any changes considered necessary however unpalatable they may be.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE CASE FOR CANDOUR

For several months the British public was dazzled by false hopes. The magnificent defence of Greece against the Italians, General Wavell's startling victories, the Jugoslav's revolutionary resistance and a series of remarkable victories at sea—these gave the public a false impression that Britain was now in the position to take the initiative and to thwart the Führer's designs for 1941. To-day we have to face the evacuation of Greece, and Germany's capacity to move masses of mechanised troops into North Africa; we have to wait, as the Prime Minister reminded us, the issue of a very uncertain battle in Egypt. The swift destruction of Jugoslav resistance destroyed the illusion that any armed revolutionary rising in any part of Europe is now possible. Detestation of Nazi rule grows, but a long and weary period must elapse before it can seriously embarrass the Nazis. Whether the Mediterranean as a whole can be saved with Germany threatening both Suez and Gibraltar remains to be seen. We have to face the fact that this is still, as Mr. Churchill last year said, a war for survival. To call upon us " to conquer or to die " is to put the emphasis in the wrong place. Our task now is so to mobilise our brains and our resources that we are not ourselves conquered. The main issue is still survival.

We have to-day one immense asset which was lacking in the desperate days of last summer. American support is assured. We have behind us the greatest industrial nation in the world. That is the fact that must yet give Hitler pause. When the Prime Minister spoke last Sunday, we may be sure that Americans were listening as intently as Mr. Churchill's own countrymen. His eloquence and courage were as remarkable as ever. We believe that he would have done well to have been more candid than he was. He had the chance of making good the defects of our deplorable news service to the United States. There was a technical case which we can understand for the decision to cease the issue of the weekly bulletins of our shipping losses: the news may come in slowly, and it is unpleasant to be obliged to issue corrections which shake confidence in the official figures. But the political consequences of these prolonged silences far outweigh the risk of mistakes. Day by day in their broadcasts the Germans publish full details of the ships they claim to have sunk, and though we may listen with scepticism, we can hardly expect Americans to be equally deaf. If we remain dumb, they will fear the worst. It may well be that we have no reassuring figures to give them. The true facts are not what Dr. Goebbels represents them to be, but they are certainly alarming, and they may well confront both the Americans and ourselves with the need for decisions which neither we nor they will take in the dark. The statement which had gained currency that 40 per cent. of America's supplies are sunk in the Atlantic before they reach us was dismissed by the President at a press conference as an exaggeration. But the only satisfactory form of denial is to state the facts. What is the actual percentage of these losses? Is it, for example, one in three or thereabouts? And what is the trend of the figures from week to week? Is the toll for June and July likely to mount higher or to diminish?

The Admiralty must, of course, conceal any details it can from the enemy. It would be folly to tell him whether such a ship at which he aimed a torpedo was actually struck, or whether another limped safely home to port. But it is essential that our own people and our American allies should have some realistic measure of these losses and some estimate of their tendency and effect. It is no longer a secret that the American journalists in London, as able and responsible a body of men as we could wish to have for our friends, have petitioned the Government, so far in vain, for leave to enlighten their countrymen in this sense.

We are near enough to this American democracy in tradition and outlook to understand how its mind works. It will not be driven even by a man as big as its President. He must feel his way and dare not run ahead of its assent. His authority over his public is very much less than that of a British Premier. Congress obeys no Whips and the Senate is peculiarly jealous of its control over foreign policy. This slow-moving, conservative Upper House will sanction a step forward only if it feels the pressure of an irresistible public opinion. It is not cosmopolitan New York that we have to influence nor the always friendly Southern States. Our fate depends on Nevada and Kansas and Ohio. Unless we talk plainly to the masses in these remoter States, always isolationist by instinct, and feed the journalist and broadcasters with facts, we shall always have a hesitating Senate behind a hampered President.

Mr. Roosevelt has already made a highly important advance by the extension far into the Atlantic of the neutrality patrols, and Colonel Knox has announced that the whole of America's Atlantic Fleet will be assigned to this patrol duty. For several months the more ardent of our friends have been pressing for the escort of trans-atlantic convoys by American warships and planes. The idea was thoroughly familiar and the Gallup polls proved that it had wide support. If the plain, bold speeches of Mr. Cordell Hull and Colonel Knox meant anything at all, they surely meant as much as this; to the English readers, indeed, their logic seemed to carry them, in General Smuts' phrase, "all the way." As our peril grew with each week manifestly graver the President clearly desired to act. But for the time being at least, he has had to reject the proposal to convoy supplies, and decided on a compromise. His patrols will scout over two thousand miles of ocean. If any commerce raider is there at large, it will be located for us. Warnings may be broadcast that may often help a convoy to avoid a swarm of submarines. All this may free some of our own destroyers and scouting planes from patrol work and so add to the forces available for the escort of convoys.

Tho tendency of Gallup polls is significant. They have varied widely from time to time and from region to region. But one thing they have in common. First comes the simple question, "Would you approve of such-and-such a measure?" Whenever a second question is added: "Would you approve of such-and-such a measure (in this case the escorting of convoys) if it were necessary to avoid a British defeat?" invariably the affirmative percentage rises steeply and it rises everywhere. On that one fact we should be satisfied to rest our case for frankness. If these sinkings are as heavy as we take them to be, if they show no tendency to diminish, if they are likely to continue, possibly at an even higher rate, throughout the summer, then plain questions have to be put to Americans in this second form. In reality there is more at stake than the Battle of the Atlantic. In this war we suffer from obvious disadvantages. The Germans have many more mechanised divisions than we possess and enjoy the advantage of a central position. They are still greatly superior to us in the air, and we are hampered by lack of transports and of escorts. For the first of these disadvantages there is no remedy in sight. To make good the second, the American airplane industry, to say nothing of our own, is fully mobilised. But have we frankly faced, or helped the Americans to face, what the third deficiency means? It is true that our production has lagged and that it is vital to increase it. But the crux is transport. American production promised to us will be overwhelming, and if we can have it, can reach the forces that have to use it. Similarly in this campaign in the Middle East we were short of the ships to carry men and stores and we lacked the destroyers that must escort the ships. Our mercantile marine, after the losses it has suffered, is not equal to the triple task of keeping this island fed, carrying American munitions and supplying the transport for ambitious ventures overseas. If we are now forced to ask whether we can maintain ourselves in the Mediterranean much longer, the current criticisms of the War Cabinet's strategical decisions miss the substantial issue. It may be true that General Wavell should have gone on to Tripoli. It may be true that the Abyssinian campaign should have been postponed. But the governing fact in the whole situation is that we lack transport for a sustained initiative and even, it may be, for a conservative defence. About the air, the Government has talked frankly enough: on that subject we have hidden nothing from America, and she has responded. Unfortunately the Admiralty has obstinately forbidden us to speak with equal candour of our needs and our losses at sea.

Up to a point America has grasped our situation. She gave us her fifty destroyers and she has started building tonnage for us. She has strained the law to seize Danish and enemy ships in her ports. She has opened the Red Sea route. She will take over some of our Pacific services, and now cause the news that Mr. Roosevelt is pooling two million tons of merchant shipping for our benefit. This is indeed substantial help. But is it in the swift and pressing emergency of this summer enough or nearly enough? The pedantry of her neutrality legislation still hampers her goodwill, long after she has ceased to be a neutral. She must judge her own course for herself. But she cannot judge her own course, if we suppress essential facts.

America's leaders have long ago decided that they need this island as an outwork and bastion of their own defensive system. This cold military reasoning is coloured, needless to say, for most of them by ties of affection for the land that was the cradle of their ancestors and their civilisation. If and when the question is put to them: "Will you allow Britain to go under for lack of American aid?" we do not doubt their answer. But we have no assurance that they will put this question to themselves in time. Hitler drives forward with relentless speed, and while Congress debates and Senators finger the public pulse, the hand on the dial of history may pass the hour at which help can usefully be given.

A LONDON DIARY

"I WISH Mr. Churchill was better advised on home affairs," someone remarked as we listened to the Premier's eloquent phrases on Sunday night. On technical issues his personal advisers are now being violently criticised and in the circumstances such criticism is inevitable. How far it is fair to blame the Prime Minister or his close associates for any of the recent mistakes in strategy or tactics I cannot tell. But that Mr. Churchill is ill-informed about the currents of public feeling the opening paragraphs of his broadcast convinced me. He had been told that there was "uneasiness" about the war and so he toured blitzed cities and allowed himself to be reassured by the enthusiasm of the crowds who welcomed him. Did no one remind him that a popular Prime Minister—I suppose he is the most popular we have ever had—will always have a cheering crowd and that this cheering would continue to be quite sincere even if the "uneasiness" were very great indeed? No compulsion was needed to assure Mussolini a cheering crowd even when his armies were being defeated and his country passing into German control. Reynaud talked of death or victory to cheering crowds on the eve of the German smash through the French lines. One must probe deeper to discover the secrets of morale. Courage there is in abundance; it is plain fact and not propaganda that people bear severe bombing with astonishing fortitude. If "uneasiness" were indeed a euphemism for fear, then Mr. Churchill would have been right in finding none of it. But "uneasiness" about the war and about the organisation for it is widespread and sensible. People do not leave Plymouth at nights because they are afraid—there is no hint of panic anywhere—but because if the blitz is sufficiently bad and the local services not highly efficient, it may be the only sensible thing to do. Before congratulating our local authorities on their response to demands put upon them, Mr. Churchill should surely have inquired about the actual grievances of the homeless, the problems of compensation, of food shortage, of separation of families and all the other questions of daily routine that actually fill the thoughts of the vast mass of people most of the time. Then he might indeed have heartened the country by commending its courage and at the same time announcing a number of practical steps that would be taken at once to make life more tolerable in Coventry or Plymouth. A gardener who listened to Mr. Churchill remarked surprisingly that he "talked like a War Lord and the Germans could do that better." He meant, I take it, that there was nothing in the speech for you and me; heroic sentiments about campaigns against fearful odds and saving civilisation and the rest of it and nothing about how you managed when your home and place of work were smashed up. People will "take it"—to an almost unlimited extent—always provided that the hardships are equally shared, the leadership practical and sympathetic and the organisation such as appeals to people as fair and competent.

* * *

After a week containing three successive Blitzes on Plymouth it is announced that "a Ministry of Health official is to discuss with the Emergency Committee on Tuesday the advisability of making the city an evacuation area"! And Lady Astor explains that if people go out of Plymouth the authorities are no longer responsible for them! No better example could be found of the need of regional organisations. Mr. Churchill should deal with that sort of thing when he wants to keep up morale. The *Times* has just published two articles on the "Lessons of the Raids" of which it can be said that their admirable qualities are only equalled by their belatedness. The story parallels that of the shelter question. When we and others have said something obvious for months the *Times* discovers that it is quite true; much, it decides, needs to be done; too much is left to improvisation; it is dangerous to gamble on the chance that everything will be "all right on the night." The scale of preparation should everywhere be revised, and this is particularly true of water supplies. There must be interchangeability of equipment between one area and another and co-operation over much wider areas. The army of defence must be much larger than is furnished

by the uniformed fire brigades, and this army must be trained and led. Relief convoys should always arrive in any blitzed city within a few hours of the raid.

* * *

I know, of course, that the demand for reprisal bombing is real and natural in the circumstances. I was the more interested the other day to hear contemptuous references to its imbecility from members of the R.A.F. One sergeant said to me that bombing civilians, whether English or German, seemed to him a sickening business anyway, but that when our capacity to damage German towns is perhaps one-twelfth per head of the population (the calculation takes into account relative sizes of the bomber forces, the distance and the relative sizes of our population), then it was just sheer imbecility. The letter from Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Murray in the *Times* on Monday made, I thought, the mistake of dealing only with the "capital cities," which is an impossible distinction. I feel as they do, that to bomb the Vatican would be a ghastly and permanent blow to civilisation. But that is not the real point, which is (leaving aside the moral considerations) that we cannot win the war by civilian bombing. The argument applies to civilian bombing as a whole.

* * *

The fight in the Balkans has reminded me of a remark of a strategist a year ago. Why, he said, do we send our troops where Hitler wants us to? Why send them to the ground prepared by the enemy? When the Germans went to Norway we knew that Hitler had massed bombers and troops in the north of Europe; that should have been a signal for Britain to go south and invade Italy. Similarly, I recall how when the position of Turkey first became doubtful some of us urged that the right strategy was to protect the Near East by going into Syria, even though that meant quarrelling with Vichy, which in our view was inevitably on the Axis side in any case. The obligation to help Greece was so great that no one thinks of blaming the Government for its decision, but I suspect once again that the realistic policy was to reply by invading Spanish Morocco. More important still, I feel sure that we were right here in urging the occupation of Sicily at a much earlier stage. As it is, the Germans have been able and are still able to pour mechanised divisions down the ladder whose rungs are Italy, Sicily, Tripoli. The key has always been Spain, as everyone except rulers of Britain and France knew throughout the Spanish Civil War. If we meant to retain the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, Sicily in the centre, and Egypt and the Suez in the East would have made it possible. The only place where we have been in time was in Iraq, where something went wrong with the Axis timing. "It is never too late," as someone said of Rashid Ali, "to betray the British, but it may be too early."

* * *

Miss Stella Jackson's deportation from Eire is a mysterious affair. I understand that she was taken from her home in West Cork in the early hours of the morning, rushed to Dublin, kept overnight in the Bridewell and taken on to the Holyhead boat early next morning, all without a word of warning or explanation, or any opportunity to take legal advice or get in touch with the British Representative. Admittedly under the E.P.A. the Eire Government has unlimited powers, and any government reserves to itself the right of summary deportation; but the method employed seems strangely harsh, and it is a poor return for Miss Jackson's efforts to make the Irish case plain to the British. Her Fabian Society pamphlet (*The Irish Question To-day*, 1941, 1s.), supports Mr. De Valera's policy of neutrality as the only conceivable policy for any representative Eire government, and, though recognising the difficulties in the way, pleads for a United Ireland. Moreover, since the pamphlet is apparently not banned in Eire, what is the point of deporting its author, particularly as she has had in Eire no political activity of any kind? The case does not seem to make sense. At all events, as a British citizen, Miss Jackson is entitled to object to not being allowed to get in touch with the British Representative, and as a friend of Ireland she may well fail to see why she should be thus summarily expelled *sine die*.

* * *

It does not surprise me to hear from my friends among the refugees some bitter and bewildered comments on the proposal to import a thousand American doctors. There are still hundreds of German and Austrian anti-Nazi doctors in this country eager to serve our needs. The official ban against their employment has been lifted, and a register is open to receive their names, but in fact employment is found for them only with exasperating slowness. I know a German woman-doctor who struggles to keep her husband, a former civil servant, and herself by working as a domestic servant. Another woman-doctor, an Austrian, found a job in a clothing factory. There are still some of these doctors for whom we could find no better use than the wielding of a pickaxe among the Pioneers.

* * *

Several editions of the *Daily Herald* on Monday carried a misprint that deserves to be remembered as a classic. On the front page a short news paragraph, headed "Hitler back from the front," stated that the Führer had arrived in Germany after his tour of the Balkan front and had visited Graz, in Austria. It continued: "*Later he lunched with the King and Queen.*" (my italics). One had not expected Hitler to arrive in Buckingham Palace so quietly. The mystery is explained by the next paragraph, headed "Gort sees King," which stated that Lord Gort had kissed hands on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar. The sentence announcing his lunch with the King and Queen had got transferred to the paragraph above.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to D. L. Lipson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Speaking of politics after the war, Wing-Commander Hargreaves said, "You, the Conservatives of Cheltenham, and the Conservatives of England, have made England what it is, and you have it in your power to organise the future. I want you to say to the other parties, 'We have helped you to win this war, but now we are going to run the peace.'"—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

My friend takes me several rides a week in his employer's car when he has to go into the local town. It worries me, because I know he expects a kiss. I don't mind that, really, but I do feel, as it isn't his car, it is not necessary to kiss him.—Letter in *Woman's Own.*

It would have been a great blow to many if Sunday theatres had been allowed, and would have brought disaster before anything else. After seven months of success against tremendous odds and being left to ourselves, God merited good treatment from Parliament.—Letter in *Picture Post.*

People bombed out of their homes are being charged extortionate rents in many West Country villages, it was stated at Bristol Housing Committee yesterday. The chairman, Alderman Charles Gill, quoted a case of a couple taken as paying guests in a small village who were paying £6 a week for board and lodging. . . . In a village not many miles from Bristol, said Ald. Gill, a friend was asked 30s. for allowing him, his wife and two children to sleep in a barn. He urged the control of charges by agreement.—*Yorkshire Post.*

PHILHELLENES

ONCE before, amid the clatter of arms, the little town of Lamia came to know the resources of the English language. It listened through a warm and fragrant day in April to Cockney vowels, defiant h's and those salient words that begin with b, mingled with rich brogues from Dublin and Cork and the graver tones of Aberdeen. A platoon of volunteers, marching afoot from Stylis to join its Legion at Pharsala, paused and rested here, four and forty years ago. The news of last week has recalled it vividly to me. Is there still a Café of Byron and Independence, where you may sample resined wine and "drink" a hookah? May you still chance to find in Greek a playbill of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* on the door of the little Theatre of Orpheus? Does the smooth, black rock on which its Acropolis is built still dazzle the wayfarer at noon? The comedy of our intrusion blended with more sombre scenes. The townsfolk welcomed us as I am sure they welcomed the Australians. But I recollect chiefly the many women who went about the streets in new dresses of crape, for in that unlucky war of 1897 the slaughter had been heavy. Trudging through the passes over which the Germans flew, the Turks had already forced their way past Trikkala into Larissa. As we marched out of the little town, a procession of refugees filed in. Donkeys were burdened with cradles and wineskins. Oxen drew ancient carts on solid wooden wheels, laden with the household gear of the peasants: one carried a spindle and another a plough. Old men and women sat among the wreck of their fortunes, burying their heads in their hands. The men had rifles slung over their shoulders and all the women carried babies. An old priest intoned a *kyrie* as he trudged beside his sorry beast. The terror of a feud that had darkened this fair land for centuries lay on all their furrowed faces. They were fleeing before the Turks.

The "Phalanx of Philhellenes"—to give our International Brigade its official title—was a motley mixture of adventurers with idealists.

Most of the Englishmen were old soldiers, who had learned their trade in one or another of the Empire's wars. What I remember of them is as much their good humour and their ironical wit as their coolness under fire. Among the French was a little group of ardent Catholics who had volunteered in the spirit of a crusade. Among the Italians gaolbirds jostled with anarchist and socialist visionaries. But the most serious soldiers among us were men who had come to Greece in the hope of learning how to free their own lands by arms. There was a group of Finns, perhaps the steadiest and most conscientious of us all, who meant one day to challenge Tsardom on the field of battle. There were some very gallant Polish students who had obeyed the same motive. The Irishmen who marched in our ranks made no secret of the use to which they hoped to put their military experience.

They had come to a poor school of arms. The Greeks were miserably equipped and ill-trained, for it was only after the severe lesson of this unfortunate campaign that they began to create the army which has since brought them fame. But that generation was, none the less, as ardent in its patriotism as the sons whose victories doubled the territory of the little kingdom. I met behind the front two battalions raised from men exempted from conscription who, none the less, had volunteered. One was composed of young priests who had thrown away their robes and pinned up their long hair. They were on the point of mutiny because the distracted Government could not find rifles for them.

For us the Greek nation was incarnated in our commander, Captain Varatāsi, a professor in the military school. A little man, slightly built, quiet in his movements, gentle in his speech, with a wistful melancholy in his blue eyes and finely chiselled features, he had a dignity and an unobtrusive magnetism that won us all at a first glance. Few of us ever understood a word he said, for apart from his mother-tongue, French was his only language. Yet the Cockneys and the Germans, the Danes and the Finns were proud to be led by him, and some mysterious instinct told us, even before we had seen him in action, that he was the bravest of the brave. What is this magic of personality that needs no language? Did we notice his solicitude for our comfort and his indifference to his own? Was it his modesty and accessibility that touched us and his total lack of pride in his rank? Or did it all date from the day we watched him when his horse was shot under him? I got to know him well, and when he was killed in our last battle, I felt, as we all did, though more intimately than most, that I had lost a very noble friend.

In both our battles we fought beside a regiment of kilted Highlanders (the ninth Evzones) which we got to know well and learned to respect. It had been taught to fight only in close formation and in consequence its casualties were needlessly heavy, but it never flinched or lost its steadiness. Luckily for us all, this was by modern standards a war of bows and arrows. Cavalry charged the guns: infantry manoeuvred in serried masses. If the enemy had any machine-guns we never saw them, and a high proportion of his shells failed to explode. But this primitive warfare, with its slow movements and old-world weapons, could, none the less, be deadly, for the real struggle was at short ranges. As always in the Balkans, this war was more brutal than it need have been, because the Greeks had no confidence in the humanity of the enemy. Our Evzone comrades were so firmly convinced that the Turks mutilate the dead, that on a retreat they always set fire to the bodies of their own fallen men. In fact, the behaviour of the Turks was exemplary, both in this brief campaign and during their subsequent occupation of Thessaly.

This war has no place in military history and it would be tedious to describe it. Pharsala is Cæsar's battlefield for all time: we only skirmished where he triumphed. Yet some things happened in our two battles that no one will ever see again. With our friends the Evzones we were the rearguard at Pharsala, retiring slowly according to orders, throughout a long day. I saw some gallant acts in its fresh, hopeful hours: to balance them I could write of the misery of our wounded, whom we had to carry as best we might in the dusk without stretchers. But one moment will live in my memory to the end. We were watching a Turkish battalion advancing steadily towards the hillock we held. Its bugles sounded the charge and our veteran sergeant remarked: "They're in beautiful order: just like a review: that's the Aldershot attack formation." And then twelve centuries rolled back. It was a review no longer. With a hoarse cry these Muslims shouted at us their faith in God, and the guttural name of Allah drowned the bugles' call. There was a glint of steel, a flash of red fezes and white belts, and the Turks were rushing the slope. "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet."

If that was Islam militant in a seventh-century charge, in our second battle I saw the Risorgimento still in life. The Greeks were outnumbered by two to one, but with their centre at Domokos they held strong positions along the foothills of Mount Othrys. We were on the furthest left and after heavy losses the prospects of our thin line looked doubtful. Suddenly we heard a shout and round the hill we were holding swung the fresh Garibaldian Brigade which had been marching through the afternoon to reinforce us. It brought with it its tradition of audacity and challenge. The men wore the blazing red shirts of their legend. The officers, as if to defy the sharp-shooters, rode for choice on white horses. At their head was Giuseppe's son, Riciotti. The scarlet line advanced through the cornfields, intrepid, closely massed, firing as it strode. Men fell, as it advanced, but nothing checked it. We joined it as it was about to charge with the bayonet. But its tactics of fearless challenge had succeeded. The Turks quitted the deep trench they had held all day and left the field in our possession.

It was only a local success we had won. At dawn next day, isolated from the main army, with a few ship's biscuits in our haversacks, we began a three days' march through the forests up to the snow line and over the shoulder of Othrys. When the long trek ended at Lamia an armistice had just come into force. My memories of Thermopylae are far from heroic, but I think of its sacred shores, none the less, with deep emotion. I bless a peasant who quenched my thirst with fresh, ripe lemons. I bless a surgeon who dressed a trifling scratch that had gone septic from neglect. And, above all, I bless the waves in which I swam and washed away the grime, the vermin and the scalding memory of defeat.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

RECONSTRUCTION 1916 AND 1941

THE first Ministry of Reconstruction sidled inconspicuously into public view, first as a Committee of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in March, 1916, sponsored by Mr. Lloyd George a year later as a new Committee of fourteen persons with specialised knowledge, emerging finally as a fully fledged Ministry in August, 1917. The godparents were apologetic, the Solicitor-General referring to "this scheme, a modest scheme, a simple scheme," while the Home Secretary hastened to add "the Department will be mainly advisory. The Minister will appoint Committees, or take other existing Committees, and receive their Reports. He will institute on his own initiative experiments on matters connected with his functions. He will frame schemes for after-war action or for action with a view to conditions which will arise after the war, and submit them to the Cabinet; and he will indicate the Department by which those schemes can best be carried out." In brief the functions of this new Ministry were to stimulate, advise and co-ordinate.

One of the new Minister's first steps was to appoint an Advisory Council of persons of mature experience, their work being divided into five sections:

I. Finance, Transport and Common Services;
II. Production and Commercial Organisation;
III. Labour and Industrial Organisation;
IV. Rural Reconstruction (Agriculture, Village Life, etc.);
V. Social Amelioration (Health, Housing, Education, etc.);

each under the direction of persons eminent in their particular sphere.

In similar circumstances, to deal with precisely these problems we have just set up not one but two new Ministries, one charged with the Physical Reconstruction of Town and Country, the other with functions as yet undefined but probably covering the rest of the field. Born in a blaze of publicity and popular approval the twins can and should draw warning and guidance from the meteoric career, the unnoticed, smothered death of their luckless forebear on the anniversary of its second birthday. For the precocious infant showed brilliant promise, abundant gifts. Authoritative Reports, White Papers, Pamphlets poured forth on matters as far apart as the Machinery of Government, the Relations between Employers and Employed, Demobilisation, Agriculture and Forestry, Housing. Surprising in range and wisdom, in scope and variety, intelligent, imaginative and practical, the recommendations were largely ignored. In fact the thousands of millions of pounds which have been spent during the past twenty years on "reconstruction"—housing, town-planning, roads and other servicings for urban and rural needs—have in the main added to rather than eased our burden. Why otherwise are we still clamouring for action? Why are we profoundly critical of much of the work accomplished during the recent past? Why do

we to-day again need Ministries specially charged with the spiritual as well as the physical reconstruction of town and country?

What useful lessons can be drawn from the disappointments of twenty years ago? Political jobbery following the khaki election was no doubt one factor, but failure was inevitable because the Ministry was advisory instead of executive and when peace came ideas were there but the machinery was not ready to put them into effect. Political pressure to do something quickly—no matter what, or at what expense—overwhelmed good intentions.

Yet in every sensitive mind there is, there must be, deep shame at the hopes which were dashed, the opportunities for regeneration which were fumbled away after 1918. To read the reports, the speeches, the aspirations of twenty-three years ago is to rouse mocking echoes of things which are being said in much the same words to-day. No, not quite the same. With more than a flavour now of regimentation, with a hint of compulsion, with hundreds of subtly disquieting straws which seem to blow from a not too democratic source.

In reading the Reports issued between 1917 and 1919 this difference in outlook becomes unmistakable. A noble faith in democratic principles, a determination to implement the brotherhood of man permeates these documents, whether it is Lord Haldane's Machinery of Government Report, much of which is devoted to powerful arguments for official co-operative research through which knowledge and guidance will be available to all, or Mr. Whitley's Report which is concerned with ensuring the workers a share in the control of industry, or Mr. Hobhouse's advocacy of Public Utility Housing Societies on the grounds that through them the management of subsidised estates by the tenants themselves will be assured and segregation of the classes avoided.

For apart from industry, 1941 seems to find us less and not more democratic than 1917; a Government Department would not be the first place to which the average citizen would turn for stimulus, leadership and help; Public Utility Housing Societies as we know them—benevolent, patronising, remote from the people whose homes they are providing—are the negation of democratic ownership and control. The fashionable parrot-cry for "planning" may mark yet another stage towards undemocratic government. We are at a cross-roads. On Lord Reith rests the immense responsibility of choosing which path we take.

This being the case, Lord Reith's recent speech in the Lords deserves and will no doubt get very close attention, outlining as it does his authorisation from the Government for the Physical Reconstruction of Town and Country. This authorisation is divided into three parts—first that the principle of some system of central planning has been accepted as national policy; secondly, that agriculture, industrial development and transport are to be the base of a positive policy of reconstruction; and lastly, that different treatment—national, regional or local—will be adopted to deal with the different problems involved.

This is all definitely encouraging. The difficulty is that it may mean anything or nothing. The five months which have elapsed since Lord Reith made his first statement in the Lords have quite rightly been spent in exploring avenues and turning stones. His opportunity is stupendous, magnificent, if it is not narrowed to mean the creation merely of a huge Robot, an efficient machine through and by which Britain will function more easily and economically. We need a living giant. Sanitation and efficiency are not enough. Dry bones must live, be clothed with flesh, be informed by spirit, mind, imagination. Britain is stirring and, though she is looking at her foul old industrial nest with disgust, she has little enthusiasm for the brand new boxes into which she has been driven during the past two decades. She wants a definition of "planning," an assurance that she will not be exchanging King Log for King Stork, that "planning" will be *with* and *by* her citizens not *for* them.

For "planning" as such has no meaning; the quality of the plan, the standard of values which it postulates will be the criterion of success. The young men and women now fighting for freedom may find their homes, their environment, their lives changed without a by-your-leave just as drastically, just as uncongenially, as it has been under the Housing and Town Planning Acts of the last twenty years. Recent British experience of "planning" and "planners" makes us chary of the very name. The fullest publicity, popular discussion, democratic approval should, *must*, be given to every scheme for regenerating or developing town or countryside. Reconstruction must be the personal concern of every citizen and not a private mystery practised by a few select exponents—amateur or professional—from Whitehall.

The present compulsory pause in civil building and other constructive works gives us the opportunity to take stock of the position; make quite sure what are the problems involved; assess the achievements of the past twenty years; decide what amendments or additions will be required in existing legislation; and, finally, prepare well-considered schemes of development and redevelopment, ready to be put into immediate and orderly action at the end of the war without confusion, indecision or subsequent regret.

To come to the more immediate issues now being investigated by Lord Reith, it is good to know that compensation and betterment in respect of bombed sites is being investigated. More fundamental, however, are whether land is still to be considered primarily as potential building or as food-producing ground, and questions of rating and ownership, for advocates of nationalisation must be shaken by the impetuousness with which the Government's own right hand—Army, Air and Supplies—has snatched our bread and meat from its mildly acquiescent left hand—the Ministries of Agriculture and Food.

The location of industry with its implications of decentralisation and satellite towns is too big to deal with here and must be the subject of a separate article; but let us hope that air, road, rail and water, the four competing private transport interests, will be considered as four aspects of the same public service, and that the experts will remember that the less land "dedicated" to transport in this small island, the better they will have done their job.

Mr. Hicks made it abundantly clear in the Commons that the building industry itself, the tool for physical reconstruction, is being drastically overhauled. This is of fundamental importance, for there can be little doubt that the Building Industry, using the term in its widest sense, will provide one of the most natural, most economical and efficient channels through which industry can be diverted from war to peace production. This was the experience throughout Europe in 1919. It will be particularly true for Britain at the end of the present war, faced as she will be with an accumulation of badly planned and ill-serviced towns, a shortage of low-cost houses, and a huge slum problem both in town and country districts in addition to the destruction due to war damage. For it will be essential, in any intelligent programme of reconstruction, that first things *can* be done first and are not held up by lack of men and materials.

But twenty years of "reconstruction" have taught us that words, words, words—whether they be "planning," "research," "the scientific approach," or "considering things as a whole," are useless unless accompanied by fresh and vigorous thought which in turn is implemented by powerful action and popular approval. We have had twenty years of vulgarly ostentatious spending—the results offend us: it is high time we substituted brains and imagination in building our new Britain.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." If the future can be shown to hold security, happiness and beauty we shall be better able to bear the sadness, the danger and destruction which are our present lot.

ELIZABETH DENBY

THE WHEEL COMES FULL CIRCLE.—II.

IN my last article I described the conceptions which have increasingly dominated Communists, and we may add Socialists—for what Socialism has there been in England during the last twenty years save that of Communism?—in the period between the two wars. And now again there is a change. John Strachey writes a book which appeals to faith in the name of love, and Marxist Communism is out of favour with the young. A visitor to Oxford at any time during the last ten years would find politically conscious undergraduates preoccupied with questions of economics in general and problems of Marxist economics in particular. To-day, the centre of the stage is occupied by ethics, with religion waiting to advance from the wings. Did God intend this war? Did He create the Nazis? Did He design a world in which the Nazis were possible? Or necessary? In these and similar questions the renewed ethical and religious interest of this generation expresses itself, while the Oxford Union does its best to inform the world—the information was, in fact, withheld by the action of the authorities—that it considers a return to God through organised religion an essential condition of the reconstruction of the post-war world. The time, in fact, is ripe for a new turn of the wheel which, as it comes full circle, brings back the historic Græco-Christian concepts of love, kindliness, respect for the individual, and regard for truth as not only the necessary ingredients of any desirable state of society, but as the only tolerable

incentives to its achievement. "God," in fact—as a wit remarked to me after the debate referred to—"God is the coming man."

With what feelings should this renewed intrusion of ethical concepts into political and more particularly into socialist, political thinking be viewed?

It is one of my most profoundly held convictions that the methods for the achievement of Socialism which have been fashionable during the last twenty years, the methods described in Koestler's book to which I referred in the preceding article, can be productive of no good thing. Against their authoritarian dogmatism every fibre of my political being instinctively revolts. They seem to me to be based upon three fallacies. First, that one can be sufficiently sure that one is right to justify one in the infliction of untold suffering in the present in order to make straight the way of the future. Men have often held this conviction in the past—the Inquisition held it; Calvin held it; the Catholic Church held and holds it; Mr. Murdstone held it; Mr. Brocklebank held it—but history has shown them to have been wrong, and I see no reason to suppose that their successors are right in the present. At least, they cannot be *known* to be right. Reading the pronouncements of the Party—whether National Socialist or Communist—reading the profession of Arthur Koestler's old Bolshevik, "For us the question of subjective good faith is of no interest. He who is in the wrong must pay; he who is in the right will be absolved. . . . It is that alone that matters; who is objectively in the right"—reading any of those expressions of self-assured certainty with which dictators and their propagandists seek to supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas, one feels inclined to apply the cold douche of Mill's, "To call any proposition certain, while there is anyone who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with us are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side."

Secondly, it embodies the fallacy that ends remain unaffected by means; they do not in general, and they do not, in particular, because—and to ignore this is the third fallacy—of the corrupting effects of power upon human beings; and, we may add, upon Parties of human beings. A man will strive for power disinterestedly because he wants to achieve social and economic justice, to help the common man, to make a better world; or, again disinterestedly, because he believes himself to be the vehicle of impersonal economic forces which are making for social change; of that change he is, he may believe, the chosen instrument. But once he achieves power, the effects of its exercise cause a modification albeit unconscious, of his own nature. The ends for which the power was necessary as a means cease to seem important; they are thrust into the background by his increasing delight in his mastery over the means. The dictator, his job done, does not relinquish his rule—Sulla, I believe, is the only case to the contrary—the Party does not disband, the number and power of officials does not diminish, the State emphatically does not "wither away." These things happen, or rather fail to happen, with sufficient regularity to justify Lord Acton's verdict, "All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

There is, I think, a reason for this. Those who justify the use of ruthless power as a necessary means to good ends fall into what may be called the manipulator's fallacy. They think that human beings may be trimmed to shape in the same way as the topiarist trims a box hedge. The analogy fails for two reasons. First, the trimming of box hedges has no effect upon the gardener; I doubt if it even delights him. But the ordering and ruling of human beings profoundly affects the ruler, so delighting and corrupting him with its delight that he is presently found to be trimming for the sake of trimming. Secondly, trimming has no effect other than the effect intended on the box hedge; but human beings who are oppressed are insensibly changed in the process of their oppression, changed and damaged, so that when the time has come for their salvation, they are found to be debased past saving. For these reasons, I doubt if the social revolutionary is ever so far justified in trusting his own human nature as to judge himself worthy to exercise unchecked power in the interests of human good; ever so far justified in the conviction of his own rightness as to equate disagreement with sin and to persecute opposition as heresy.

What is the significance of this return to ethical incentives backed by a proposal to invoke God to assist in rectifying the age-long injustice of man? It is interesting no doubt as a social phenomenon, a witness to the eternal tendency of each generation to take the gods of its grandfathers off the shelf upon which its fathers have placed them. But how far is it likely to be effective?

That by itself it was not and could not be effective is one of the great contributions of Marxist thought to Socialist theory. The pre-Marx Socialists appealed to man's love of his fellow men. "Rubbish," said the Marxists, in effect, "men don't love their fellow men; they exploit them. It is no good appealing to men's better feelings; you must win power." I do not wish to minimise the importance of this contribution. Power is necessary as well as love; but, power, I insist, is harmful without love. What is necessary is to correct the undue emphasis upon power which has obsessed Socialist thought during the last twenty years, by reflection upon the ends for which it should be used. (We can appease the Marxists by saying that we are only emphasising the neglected antithesis in the dialectical process in order that the required synthesis, which is power *plus* love may emerge.)

Nor is it true that truth and love have no power of themselves to move mankind. At first sight, admittedly, the record of ethical incentives to the betterment of society is not encouraging. Take, for example, the case of Christianity. Christianity has proceeded on the assumption that there were certain values, that these values constituted an aspect of revealed religious truth and that, if attention were drawn to them and emphasis laid on the importance of observing them, human beings would order their lives accordingly. Christianity, in a word, has relied upon moral exhortation. For two thousand years, from a hundred thousand pulpits, in a million sermons—it is a formidable thought—human beings have been told that they ought to be kindly, gentle and compassionate; that they ought to return evil not with a contrary evil, but with good; that they ought to set store not on earthly things but on heavenly; that they ought to think of their neighbours more than of themselves, and of God more than either. . . . With what result? After two thousand years of this treatment the disinterested observer might be pardoned for wondering whether the behaviour of the crowds of modern X is in any significant moral particular distinguishable from the behaviour of the crowds of ancient Athens. In some ways, he might think, it is a little better, in some a little worse; at the moment, he would be forced to conclude—as he observed the inhabitants of X bending all their energies to the task of acquiring proficiency in the art of slaughtering their fellow men whom they have never seen—it is considerably worse.

Reflections of this kind, inevitable in moments of discouragement, do not, I think, tell the whole truth. Let us look again. Think of the evils that have disappeared from the life of man, of gladiatorial games, of persecutions for witchcraft, of duelling. Torture had bidden fair to disappear; is it wholly an accident that its recrudescence coincides with a decline of Christianity in all countries, and its denial in those countries where torture is now habitually practised? Wars are still fought, but they are at least condemned. The world has a long way yet to go before its practices square with its professions, but the first step is for its professions to condemn its practices, and that step has been taken. (In Germany it has been retraced, which is one of the reasons for the horror the Nazis inspire.)

I would suggest three conclusions. First, I do not think that it can be maintained that the appeal to moral values is *always* futile. Secondly, there is a definite relation between Socialism, as my generation were brought up to understand it, and the values of ethics and the virtues of Christianity. Indeed, it may well be argued that it is only a Socialist society that can to-day provide the necessary political framework for the observance of the one and the practice of the other. Thirdly, that in turning, as I believe it is about to do, full circle, the wheel of Socialist thought is correcting an undue emphasis upon means and bringing us back to a realisation of the importance of ends. The tendency which this revolution embodies is of immense importance for the reconstruction of the world after the war.

C. E. M. JOAD

"THE WITNESS"

I WAS recently sent a cutting announcing the end of the famous weekly paper, *The Witness*. Fame, of course, is a relative matter, and it may be that *The Witness* was not so well known outside the north of Ireland as it ought to have been, and, even inside the north of Ireland, it was little read except by Presbyterians whose church news it published and whose views it did its best to represent. I cannot say that I always read it myself as closely as it deserved to be read, but I retain a special affection for it as it was the first paper in which I appeared in print. One of its more worldly features was a Children's Corner, to which ambitious young Presbyterians still in the nursery frequently contributed, signing their names and giving their ages in brackets. It consisted mostly of puzzles—Decapitations,

Anagrams, and so forth, and, after seeing a Decapitation signed "Agnes McIlwrath (aged 7¾)," an Anagram signed "Joseph McCaudless (aged 8)," and many similar works of art by my infant contemporaries, I was stung to emulation and resolved that I too would turn author. I imagine I must have been a poet by instinct, for the form in which I chose to write was that of the rhymed puzzle known as the Riddle-me-ree.

I do not know whether this form is still cultivated in days in which poetry has so strangely altered; but it was of a Wordsworthian simplicity. A typical Riddle-me-ree would begin in some such way as:

My first is in plum but not in jam;
My second is in bacon but not in ham;

and at the end of a number of lines composed on this pattern a clever reader could discover that the answer to the riddle was "Portrush." Unfortunately, I cannot quote my own Riddle-me-ree, as I did not keep a copy of it and it has long slipped my memory. But I can remember the excitement with which I opened *The Witness* one Friday and saw my poem there and, after it, the boastful "(aged 7½)" or whatever age I was at the time. Then in church on Sunday, after the morning service, how intoxicating, though also how embarrassing, it was, to have old gentlemen—they were probably not nearly so old as I thought them—coming up to me, as I was preparing to leave the family pew, and wringing me warmly by the hand. Everybody seemed to have seen my Riddle-me-ree in *The Witness*, and by everybody I do not mean all the inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, but everybody who mattered. Byron, on the morning after the publication of *Childe Harolde*, must have felt much as I felt as I received those congratulatory handshakes.

Regarding myself now as an established writer of Riddle-me-rees, and looking round for new worlds to conquer, I turned my eyes towards London, where a children's magazine called *Little Folks* and and containing a monthly page of puzzles was published. Never did neophyte author sit down with greater ardour to carve a way to wider recognition. Month after month I bombarded *Little Folks* with Riddle-me-rees, and month after month *Little Folks* appeared without any sign that the Editor was aware that a new master of the Riddle-me-ree had arrived in literature. Yet it seemed to me that the Riddle-me-rees he published were, to put it modestly, not so good as the Riddle-me-rees I submitted to him. Ultimately I decided it was a waste of stamps to send my work to such an editor. Perhaps I was too easily discouraged, but I had a profound sense of failure. A few years later one of my favourite books became *Sorrow and Song*. All those other poets seemed to have had unhappy experiences, too.

Even though I abandoned the Riddle-me-ree in the same despairing spirit in which Thomas Hardy abandoned the novel, however, the *cacoethes scribendi* continued. I went on lisping in numbers, for the numbers came, and wrote what I thought an excellent poem on St. Peter. I forget what it was about, but I think I reproached him. I had ceased to write for publication, however; I sang, but as the linnets sing. Not that poetry occupied all my energies. I turned to prose with almost equal enthusiasm, and began with knitted brows to write a commentary on the Book of Esther. I had always been fond of commentaries and theological works of every kind. Not that I ever read them, but I always cut their pages for my father, who brought them into the house in a perpetual stream. It was his custom, when he had a few more pounds to spare than usual, to buy large numbers of theological books, sometimes translations from the German in three or four volumes, and I opened the parcels as eagerly as if they had been Christmas presents. To see and touch new books, and, still more, to cut their pages, was to me a pleasure second in intensity only to watching a Rugby football match. And so it came about that, though I never read the pages I was cutting, I reached my teens steeped as it were in theology.

And it seemed to me, after many a casual glance at the theological books that passed through my hands, that, of all theological books, commentaries were the easiest to write. I could not write a defence of infant baptism, as my great uncle had done, nor did I know enough to fill a book, or even a page, with an exposition of St. Paul's attitude to justification by faith. To write a commentary, however, was simplicity itself. All one had to do was to take down from the shelves a commentary or two on any book in the Bible and to rewrite the commentators' notes that appeared at the foot of the pages. I was not so immodest as to believe myself the superior in scholarship of the commentators who had gone before me: I was content to accept what they said and to improve on it.

Thus, having chosen the Book of Esther as my subject—probably, because of its brevity—I looked up what the other commentators had to say about the opening words "Then it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus." I did not know who Ahasuerus was or when his days were; but the other commentators seemed to know, and, when I had embodied their knowledge in a footnote, it seemed to me that the footnote was indistinguishable in merit from theirs. Exciting though it was to begin writing a commentary, however, it became less and less exciting to continue it; and I doubt whether in the end I got beyond the first two chapters of Esther, or ever beyond the first chapter. I had not failed with theology, perhaps, as dishearteningly as I had failed with Riddle-me-rees; but I had found it stiff going compared with reading about Red Indians, and I had failed.

In spite of the path of failure along which the Children's Corner in *The Witness* enticed me during those critical years, there is no tinge of bitterness in my recollection of that noble paper. No one could help liking *The Witness*—not even those who derisively called it "*The Wutness*" or those who criticised it for denouncing betting while the evening paper published by the same firm made profits out of racing news. I had a remarkable example at a railway station one day of the affection in which *The Witness* was held. A stout middle-aged man, a friend of a friend of the family, used to turn up in town on periodic drinking bouts, and, when his money was done and he had reached the stage of repentance, he would call for assistance and be bundled back as quickly as possible to the bosom of his own people. One day, though I was only a boy, I was deputed to take him to the railway station, buy him a single ticket, and see him off by the train, but was warned on no account to give him any money. After I had given him his ticket, he cleared his throat and said to me with a look in which a half-hope fluttered: "I suppose your father said nothing about—er—letting me have a small sum—say, half-a-crown—for the journey." "No," I said woodenly. "You wouldn't," he said, looking at me as Montagu Tigg must have looked at Mr. Pecksniff on a similar occasion, "feel like letting me have sixpence on your own account?" "I was told not to," I said. He thought for a moment, and then said: "There wouldn't be the same objection, would there, to buying me a copy of *The Witness* to read on the journey?" I bought him a *Witness* and went with him along the platform. "I never like to miss *The Witness*," he said with a sigh, "—the dear old *Witness*." Of how many papers can it be said that they have this consoling power?

And now this fountain of consolation is no more. It is a mere theme for memories and a few anecdotes. The cutting that was sent me—there was no mention of the paper from which it came—contained one anecdote about *The Witness* told on the authority of that brilliant journalist, J. W. Good, who till his death was the Irish correspondent of the *New Statesman*. It runs:

> At the turn of the century the bulk of the contributors were clergymen, whose literary style scarcely ever met with the approval of the then foreman printer, who could usually be heard snorting about what he described as "th' effusions o' thon amachoo-ir journalists."
>
> On one occasion one of these amateur journalists, flying higher into rhetoric than usual, wrote in an obituary of a colleague that he had been "for 25 years a watcher on Zion's hills"—which, no doubt, he felt proud of as a euphemism for the plain fact that the gentleman in question had for 25 years been a Methodist clergyman.
>
> By some mischance the printer set it up that the gentleman had for 25 years been a "watchman" on Zion's Hills. This was then corrected by the proof-reader (a man of vast geographical knowledge if ever there was one) into "he was for 25 years a watchman at Sion Mills."
>
> When the proof at last reached the foreman printer, he exploded. "You'd think," he exclaimed, "the whole world knew where Sion Mills was."
>
> Whereupon he himself corrected the proof, so that, when the obituary finally appeared, it contained the statement that the late "Rev. Mr." had "for 25 years been a watchman at Sion Mills, County Tyrone."

One might compose an epitaph for *The Witness* itself out of that anecdote. For of it it might be said that during its long life it brought together the celestial and the local—that it was not only a watcher on Zion's hills but a watchman at Sion Mills, County Tyrone.

Y. Y.

SEVEN DEADLY SUITCASES

IT is a mark of revivalist cults that the saved are saved absolutely and instantly. There is no quiet period of penitence, reflection, spiritual consolidation. They are ready at once to mount the soap-box, bang the drum, and bawl their contempt for the unsaved rest of us.

The Buchmanite soap-box is perhaps soapier than most. It is only a few months since the Changing of Peter Howard, a Sunday political journalist; he has already clambered on to this slippery rostrum to harangue the world in a book* whose title is an obvious

* *Innocent Men*, by Peter Howard (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.).

parody of the best-selling *Guilty Men*, of which he was himself part-author.

Howard has been well known in Fleet Street for some years. The autobiographical section of his book confirms the view that his more discerning friends had formed of him: likeable, unstable, unlearned, a violent, opinionated rhetorician, a nonconformist with a demagogic streak, quickly out of his depth. "Likeable" remains the first epithet: some women would describe him as "just a great big schoolboy." How long he will stay in the Group is matter for speculation; it is, in a way, surprising that he was not in it before.

For he is the typical Group convert. He is one of many middle-class young men who were put off orthodox Christianity by its inadequate presentation in their school chapels. He is comfortably off: when he is Guided to repay money advanced him some years ago, he and his wife are able to send off at once a cheque for £218. Most typically, he has been a university athlete: the blurb, naively but correctly, points out that he "captained England at Rugby football," that his wife is "the tennis star."

"I was born with a lame leg," he tells us. To show that he could, he became an outstanding Rugby player. "I knew there was something godlike about me," he writes. "Only men like gods were Rugby internationals." (He admits that this state of mind was "ludicrous and ridiculous"; none the less it was, as he stresses, his state of mind at an age when many lads are learning to think like adults.) So he did no work at Oxford; so, "through personal contacts," he got a job coaching a boy at St. Moritz for six months at £5 a week and all expenses.

This rugged initiation led naturally to politics. Howard accepted £650 a year to work for Mosley's New Party. While canvassing, he discovered the existence of slums: this "affected greatly my outlook on events." Some kind of sentimental radicalism set in: "I began to envisage myself as a sort of latter-day Lenin inflaming the country by my voice and pen." (The description is whimsically self-depreciatory, but it is not, apparently, felt that there is any incongruity in mentioning Lenin against a Rugger-St.Moritz-Mosley background.)

Soon the New Party died on our hero. Another influence was felt. He met Lord Beaverbrook. Lord Beaverbrook had him praised in print, hired him. He "came to believe with passion and sincerity" in some of Beaverbrook's political views. He wrote a weekly political column. "When I punched, I punched to hurt," he brags—and the unregenerate note is refreshing. What responsible journalists may like less is the admission that he was constantly attacking people and movements not primarily because they needed attacking but because "in Fleet Street attack is the easy highway to fame and fortune." No doubt it was another effect of his lameness that "I must claw my way upward, striking out right and left around me as I go." Even ambitious young journalists usually take life a bit more easily than that.

It is worth quoting in detail this characteristic Buchmanite case-history; but "Innocent Men" has also some slight importance as a vehicle (presumably under Guidance) of the current official Group line. "Moral Re-Armament" has now matured into "Total Defence." Thirty-two full-time Groupists in this country are at present covered by the Reserved Occupations schedule: there is an anxious insistence that they shall not be called up, since "a multitude" look to them for "personal spiritual direction." ("You can open a door in Hay's Mews and find business men on their knees.") Even greater emphasis than usual is laid on the Group's activities in stopping strikes: a business man (named Vickers) testifies, ". . . the Board of Trade's present programme for the Concentration of Industry will need every bit of industrial goodwill that can be mobilised. An attack on the work of the Oxford Group is an attack on a basis of industrial morale. . . ."

Long-suffering and meekness, those classical Christian virtues, find no place in the Group temperament. Buchmanites have always been extraordinarily touchy. They are also extraordinarily evasive. They scream (as here) that reasoned criticism is "persecution," that there is a small gang of people who spread "savage, malignant, and false" charges against them—and put up some guileless mayors and Congressmen to send vague messages of support.

There are several specific charges against them that Howard, in his apologia, does not answer. Instead, he puts up imaginary, dummy charges that I, for one, have never heard made seriously (such as that Dr. Buchman is "a Yank" and therefore inconsiderable or suspect) and demolishes them with noisy vehemence (implying constantly the false syllogism, "True Christians have always been persecuted; the Group is persecuted; therefore the Group is true Christianity").

He does attempt to bury Buchman's old "thank-Heaven-for-Hitler" indiscretion. It is, he says, always quoted "out of context." The context emphasised the desirability of "changing" Hitler. Nevertheless, it is not denied that Buchman said, "I thank Heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defence against the anti-Christ of Communism." Acres of context do not alter the significance of that sentence.

Last August William Hickey, a daily newspaper columnist, published a series of criticisms of the Group. Howard deals with Hickey at length; I may be biased in favour of Hickey (a life-long acquaintance of mine), but I do not think that Howard answers Hickey's serious and cogent case.

Among other animadversions, Hickey printed plain, concrete, well-attested evidence of Buchman's friendly association with Himmler: when the Gestapo had been in power for three years, Buchman was still able to commend Himmler to a British M.P. as "a great lad," to urge the M.P. to get to know him better.

In one part of his book (on page 131) Howard shows that he has read that particular column by Hickey. He quotes from it. Yet, dealing with the Himmler association, he says:

> Now I am told that Frank Buchman . . . made the acquaintance of Himmler and was pleasant to him. Whether this is true, I do not know, I cannot tell. Certainly I hope it is true. For I should think far less of Buchman if he went into Germany and only tried to find perfect Christians to consort with.

This paragraph comes perilously near to falling short of Absolute Honesty. Howard had the evidence before him. The evidence was not of a missionary relationship between Buchman and Himmler; there was no suggestion that the apostle was wrestling with a sinner's soul. On the contrary, Buchman was trying to spread the influence and enhance the prestige of the still unrepentant Nazi chief.

Howard has never met Dr. Buchman; but the Group organisation has helped him to build up a brightly coloured portrait of him. It was while lying in a *wagon-lit* in 1921, we learn, that Buchman took the decision to move on from changing individuals to "world changing through life changing." Howard says that this involved "the renunciation of . . . the hope of worldly advancement"—which seems, in retrospect, unduly pessimistic. Still, "Buchman has no home of his own. All his possessions are carried in seven suitcases. . . . He wears without pride clothes given him by others."

On the two occasions on which I have met Buchman, his clothes have been noticeably well-tailored. "Clothes given him by others" can, of course, mean clothes put down to someone else's account in Savile Row; but isn't there, slightly, the misleading suggestion of the saint in cast-off flannels? I am also puzzled by those seven suitcases. Why *seven*? If you set up as a Desert Father act, you should have only *one* suitcase, or better still, only a spongebag. But, in fact, no one expects Buchman to be an ascetic. There is no reason why he should be; he is outside the Christian tradition in which such discipline is valued. His devotees merely make him comic by writing of him in this way; they also expose their own lack of balance. The truth—on this comparatively trivial but much-discussed point—appears to be that Buchman leads an average comfortable hotel life at rather less than average cost. As Howard, obscurely, puts it: "The hotel-keeper . . . meets generosity with generosity. Naturally Buchman cannot mention these special kindnesses. . . . He practises a maximum economy at the minimum expense. I have inspected the receipts."

There is no mention at all of one grave, though minor, charge against Buchman—that his *Who's Who* entry has been altered from time to time in a way calculated to exaggerate his academic affiliations.

Perhaps to compensate for such deficiencies, Howard always writes at the top of his voice. He repeatedly refers to himself by Christian name. His prose is jagged with nursery jingles, Bible echoes, such meaningless locutions as "I am bound to tell you that . . ." It is a flashy, sing-song, slipshod, film-trailer style of writing; so that it is touching to read, on page 62, "I am stimulated to my work as never before. Again and again I write in my notebook, 'No work except first-rate work.'" Poor Peter . . . !

This is not merely captious. *Le style est l'homme même.* Howard is hypnotised by the Buchmanite rhyming slogans—need, greed, care, share, guides, provides. He is engulfed in the stage-army of the Changed, some of whom we seem to have met before in Group propaganda—the bootlegging janitor, the Communist who "cleaned up his political views," the poet who was Guided to get his hair cut. He even toys with the superstition that Guidance will foretell the time of one's death or a Derby winner.

Do not be misled by the blurb. Howard had no "sceptical eye" when he set out to investigate the Groupers and found them innocent. *He* is the innocent one.

T. D.

THE MOVIES

"Marx Brothers Go West," at the Empire.
"Married—But Single," at the Regal.
"Love Thy Neighbour," at the Carlton.

The Marx Brothers started not as four but as five. You may remember the fourth: a musical-comedy dummy who never belonged in the Marx ménage. The fifth, a lady of majestic presence, closely associated with Groucho, could not so easily be spared. Without her, Groucho's love-making ("when the moon looks round a cloud I'll be creeping around you") lost its edge; she was the outraged hostess, the schoolma'am, the queen-bee, the rock; her presence I should have thought indispensable. But now the Marx Brothers go west alone; "hundreds of glorious girls," to quote the advertisement, pop up to take the place of the majestic lady. These lovelies suit Harpo and Chico well enough, and they would exercise Groucho too, provided he had his mountain to stray from. Well, she isn't there, and perhaps for that reason Groucho and *The Marx Brothers Go West* lack something. Harpo goes through his harpings, this time with an Indian chieftain playing the flute; Chico's fingers do a knockabout on the keys; and for once we feel that we are seeing these sideshows once too often. Groucho, too, is a little less drastic and staggering in his speech than usual. However, the film has uproarious moments: a con-man scene in a railway-station, surrealist in its intensity; crowded interiors of stage coach and bar room (and when the Marx Brothers crowd, they don't do it by halves); a multiple hold-up; a breakneck journey on a railway train in which whole carriages are sacrificed to stoke the engine. Besides specifically Marxian humours, there is some lively parody of the wild west and the wicked prospector. (The date is, vaguely, mid nineteenth-century.) Two-thirds of the film, on a rough calculation, is very funny.

Two-thirds of *Married—But Single*, also, is as amusing as anything of its kind since *Hired Wife*, when the same stars, Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, last appeared together. Rosalind Russell is better even than one's early memories of Myrna Loy; and Melvyn Douglas gives glimpses of an angry or ailing sheep, which fit very well with a role of masculine protest. The point which gave the L.C.C. so furiously to think is a marriage with a three-months' probation period: it is the wife, an attractive business-woman with ideals, who keeps the marriage on ice and the husband who tries energetically to thaw it down. His attempt at seduction on the wedding eve is brilliant farce. Afterwards, with a ding-dong sway of events, the farce wears thin at times but recovers except at the end, which might have been more wittily contrived. It's not, except at moments, champagne, but it's good champagne cider.

Love Thy Neighbour is the sort of title that might cover anything, from a drama by Hall Caine to the flimsiest of extra-marital comedies. Here it refers to the feud between two radio comedians, Jack Benny and Fred Allen, who specialise in slanging matches. The theme apparently is taken over from life. Abuse is heaped upon abuse; and I found this sort of wisecracking ("you're outlook is lower than a snail's," etc.) diverting but in the end rather tiring. The decor is musical comedy. Miss Mary Martin sings a haunting melody called "I belong to Daddy," of which one verse, so far as I remember, goes as follows:

> Not like other dames
> At football games
> Who long
> For a strong
> And willing undergraddy . . . .
> I belong to Daddy.

Despite the lush sophistication with which the last line was repeated, she didn't belong to Daddy any longer than was necessary.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Black Vanities" at the Victoria Palace.

Frances Day, Flanagan and Allen, Naunton Wayne: Eric Maschwitz, Cole Porter: Cecil Beaton, Doris Zinkeisen, Norman Hartnell. If the eminence of the cooks were all that mattered this would be a first-rate confection. But perhaps there is something in the proverb; the producer, in any case, hasn't done enough mixing and fumbles somewhere between the levels at which he is aiming. Flanagan and Allen, boisterously echoing each other's "feeds," suggest the Palladium: Maschwitz, with a sketch about the Blue Train, switches to Berkeley Square. Intimate revue or variety? The programme says "Intimate rag." But the programme is deceptive. It announces, for instance, Miss Zoe Gail, the talented intimate revue artiste from *New Faces*. How encouraging to see in the programme that she had been taken up. But how disappointing to see on the stage *how* she had been taken up. The dress designers make the very most of her boy's figure, and she makes the very most of her own vitality, but her talents have been left behind. The paradox of good revue is that entirely diverse items come together to make a whole. In *Black Vanities* we are given some excellent ingredients which remain unmixed. But they remain excellent. Miss Frances Day can put over the sentiment or the swing in a song as agreeably to both ear and eye as any singer to-day: Flanagan and Allen are irresistible: Naunton Wayne drolly understates: there are so many show girls that when they are all on-stage together there is hardly a spare inch for them to shuffle in: the sets and dresses often dazzle, sometimes charm; and, if the sketches are a notable failure, two of the Cole Porter numbers are certain winners.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 3rd—
Dr. E. H. Meyer: "English Chamber Music of the 17th Century," 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3, 6.15.

SUNDAY, May 4th—
Prof. G. W. Keeton: "The Implications of Anglo-American Union," Conway Hall, 11.
K. B. Smellie: "Social Philosophy—Justice," 17 Manchester Street, W.1, 11.
West London Allied May Day Demonstration, Dr. Summerskill and speakers from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway and France, Ravenscourt Park, W.6, 3.
A. F. Dawn: "Propaganda in Wartime," 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3, 5.30.

MONDAY, May 5th—
Books and Freedom Exhibition, Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield. Till May 24th.
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack, Lunch, Pat Salon: "Is Soviet Russia Neutral?" 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 1. "Shephard's Pie," Princes.

TUESDAY, May 6th—
John Piper: "Britain To-day—Art," Morley College, 7.

THURSDAY, May 8th—
C. E. M. Joad: "Some Problems of Ethical Philosophy," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
Anthony Blunt: "Civil Architecture in Paris in the 17th and 18th Centuries," Courtauld Institute, 1.15.
E. Maxwell Fry: "Rebuilding Britain—New Buildings," Morley College, 6.30.

FRIDAY, May 9th—
N. B. L. Pevsner: "English Cathedrals—Renaissance and Baroque," Birkbeck College, 5.
Dr. Edith Linz: "Difficult Parents," Free German League of Culture, 5.15.
R. W. G. Mackay: "Australia, America and the European Conflict," Federal Union, 7.30.
Tickets, 1s., from 44 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

Correspondence

INDIA

SIR,—If I seem to simplify the issues my justification is that events with terrifying speed have been simplifying them and that the real issues are clear and must be kept clear. Pakistan has at last been vetoed by our Government. There remain the questions of a definite date for Dominion Status and the entrusting of the key portfolios of Defence and Finance to Indians of some representative quality. Would such action win Congress over to co-operation? I do not know: too many things have happened to cause resentment. Yet I believe that even now it would be possible to win Congress over to co-operation if the case for co-operation and for trusting our own people were rightly presented.

But what is clear, and what the British people should be told, is that without the two actions I have indicated no Indian of any representative quality, Congress or Muslim League or Moderate, will now enter the Viceroy's Council and if any Indian did enter it he would bring no one but himself. The war will end as it began, as regards India, leaving a psychological cleavage because we took from India what Eire refused to grant us, and refused what we share with the Dominions, comradeship instead of loyal subordination. Our cause being the tremendous thing for all mankind that it is and our need of comradeship with brave men and women wherever they are so great as it is, we do our cause and our character and name a mischief that will not lessen as the years go by.

In our black hour last week we heard encouraging words of hope and belief from General Smuts, who forty years ago was our enemy in an earlier struggle. Jawaharlal Nehru, who after this war broke out said to me: "Some Congressmen tell you it would not be possible to make India enthusiastic on your side, but I know they are wrong—I would guarantee to do it myself," is in prison, allowed to write no letters and to have one weekly interview with his own family only. "No one but my father," said Prince Henry of King James I's imprisonment of Sir Walter Raleigh: "would keep such a bird in a cage." Nehru went to prison for four years on a bogus issue, that of pacifism. The real issue is well enough understood. Not perhaps in this country, where we were not allowed to read his speech at his trial. But that speech was read by all India, by Muslims no less than Hindus, and it is certain that posterity will read it. Cannot you, sir, print that speech, so that our people may begin to know what has been done in their name?

I am not interested in possible debating points. I have made a categorical statement. It will be easy to see, and to see very quickly, if that statement is wrong. If it is right, then ought we to let the India Office ride off once more on the argument that only the conflict between Congress and Muslim League prevents a settlement and that there are large sections of Indian Moderate opinion who are on our side in our official action?

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

IRISH NEUTRALITY

SIR,—In his Preface for Politicians in *John Bull's Other Island*, Bernard Shaw wrote: "Roughly I should say that the Englishman is wholly at the mercy of his imagination, having no sense of reality to check it. The Irishman, with a far subtler and more fastidious imagination, has one eye always on things as they are." Thus your correspondent "Get on with the War" mistakes one aspect of the new Irish question for the whole question. There can be no shadow of doubt that, if victory in the Battle of the Atlantic depended on the abolition of Partition in Ireland, the British Government would not hesitate a minute in getting rid of Northern Ireland. Not many in Northern Ireland would object. But if your correspondent casts his mind back a bit, he may remember that Mr. De Valera has said, more than once, that Eire had no intention of abandoning her neutrality even if she gets Northern Ireland. His aim is a United Neutral Ireland, and any cession of "ports," etc., is regarded as synonymous with abandoning neutrality and entering the war. In fact, it is held in some quarters that the German bombing of Eire in January was Hitler's method of warning Eire not to try any "phoney business with the ports."

If by the abolition of Partition all Ireland becomes

neutral, Britain would be even more hampered in the Battle of the Atlantic, she would lose the six-counties seaboard, and would no longer be able to dominate the North Channel and the North-West approaches. Further, since last June, British politicians and newspapers have been telling Eire that she is in imminent danger of invasion by Germany, and it is within the realms of possibility that this invasion has not yet taken place because of the presence of strong British mechanised forces in Northern Ireland.

"Get on with the War" mentions "certain invaluable ports and aerodromes." It would be interesting to know what he refers to. Queenstown, Berehaven, Blacksod Bay, and Lough Swilly, can at best be described as temporary anchorages. It takes some considerable time to construct naval bases; the same applies to ports. As for aerodromes, I wonder whether your correspondent knows the number of aerodromes in Eire; the very small figure would astonish him. It would also take some time to construct aerodromes out of the rocks of Connemara.

It would be unwise to put too much hope in the election of an Independent Unionist to Stormont. One of its major results has been that it has given the official Unionist Party an excuse to resume political activity during the war. Anyway, the new member is an Orangeman, and is as little likely to desire the end of Partition as is Mr. Andrews himself. It also marked a successful revolt from the Unionist Party in purely local and internal affairs, and was occasioned by the difficulty of criticising administration from within the party, without the old hare of "disloyalty" to the party and the "border," being flung at the critic.

I am afraid that so long as Eire remains neutral, the problem of the so-called "ports" must remain insoluble. Mr. Churchill's occasional references to them fail to evoke much sympathy in Eire, where it is remembered that the Bill for the cession of the ports was passed unanimously in May, 1938, by the House of Commons, no M.P. defying the wrath of the Party Whips to vote against it.

Deplorable and hateful though Partition is, there is no hope of abolishing it until the end of the war, and to imagine that its abolition now would make all Ireland belligerent is just tragic self-delusion, ignoring as it does Mr. De Valera's implicit statements to the contrary.

In conclusion, the arrival of the fire brigades of Dublin, Drogheda and Dundalk (all in Eire) to help in putting out Belfast's fires during the recent blitz, did more to break down barriers between North and South than all the dreary rhetoric of Ireland's public men. IRISHMAN

Northern Ireland.

LIVING THEATRE

SIR,—The recent vote in the House of Commons against the granting of local option to open theatres on Sunday exemplifies rather the extraordinary lack of concert among the theatre interests concerned than either a reflection of public opinion or the strength of the opposition.

It is known that the result was obtained by a campaign carefully organised by interests who might conceivably lose revenue if a proportion of their customers were diverted to the theatre, with all the accompanying bombardment of M.P.s by post cards, etc. The churches had little to do with the result, but in so far as they had were led into a trap and supported interests of which they are usually fairly critical. Shortly the victory was a victory for trade, and the theatre interests took a knock which in some ways they deserved. In this age in which propaganda, as well as other necessary efforts mentioned by Mr. Gielgud, must be concerted and on a largish scale to move, they have conspicuously failed.

It would therefore seem clear that it is now time to form a theatre union to which such organisations as the Society of West End Theatre Managers, Equity, the British Drama League and the organisations of touring managers should be affiliated and open to independent managers or owners of theatres. Its purpose should be directed to the solution of the problems that Mr. Gielgud raises as well as the reversal of an absurd decision.

Without going into details, the power of such an organisation, based as it would be on the support of almost every patron of the theatre both in London and the provinces, would be very great indeed if not overwhelming.

Perhaps Mr. Gielgud, whose wisdom and concern for the necessary organisation of the theatre are well known, would turn his attention to this matter, which undoubtedly in these times, at any rate, might make the difference between profit and loss. He is one of those who could rouse the necessary effort in both managers, players and public.

The White House, BASIL BURTON
High Street,
Codicote, Herts.

SIR,—One of the most dangerous suggestions as to the future of drama seems to me to have been made by Mr. Macdermott. The theatre, he says, must be divided: there should be the Commercial Theatre, for "entertainment," and the Living Theatre, "to provide intimate contact with the exploring mind of man." But these would inevitably come to be regarded as the Good Theatre and the Bad Theatre. And, just as inevitably, each would sicken and die: the one from a surfeit of trash, the other from the strain of keeping up a sort of spiritual existence remote from the grosser world with its muddle and merriment.

Writers have been realising, during the last few years, that there is little hope for a literature which can be tasted only by the upper classes of "culture." Literature must absorb and recreate something of the apparently crude material of every-day popular writing. It must speak to the people, not merely to the artistically elect. This is even more true of the drama. The Living Theatre, whatever else it does, must entertain. The living dramatist is he who can take boldly what is the fashion of the day—in incident, speech, or stage presentation—and can so select and use these things that they appear to be the only fitting vehicle for his real dramatic purpose. Thus Shakespeare used ghosts and disguises, Marlowe magnificent bombast, and Congreve a spiced artificiality of situation.

The dramatist of the Living Theatre should not be above learning something from the writer trained in "Commercial" productions. There is, in some variety shows and revues, for example, a slickness of timing, a sureness of intimate contact with the audience, a lively use of colour and contrast, which could be used with dramatic discrimination in the more serious theatre.

Only by reflecting the spirit of our own age can we hope to be remembered in any other. Not that posthumous fame matters in the theatre: the art of acting, itself, is splendid in its transience. A gesture, a trick of the voice, can never be recaptured; that they lived for a moment is enough, and the theatre, too, must live by concentrating on the present, its passing pleasures as well as its problems.

25 Morden Road, JENIFER WAYNE
Blackheath, S.E.3.

ARMY EDUCATION

SIR,—The correspondence in your columns on Army Education has almost invariably assumed that the education exists but is badly organised. I am at present encamped at a very large Ordnance Depot where some 7,000 soldiers are employed, five miles from the nearest town. There are two rough theatres in the camp and at each of these concert parties are given bi-weekly: in addition, there are dances and film shows. The entertainment of the troops is therefore reasonably satisfactory.

But more serious activities are almost non-existent. A discussion group and a music circle meet once a week, but the nearest accommodation that is obtainable is six miles away. Within the camps there is no quiet room of any sort provided, and the highest intellectual planes that have been reached were in a lantern lecture on aeroplanes, and a performance of *Dangerous Corner* by amateur repertory. The latter attracted a large audience which willingly paid an entrance fee and accepted without the usual loud comments reference to rape and homosexuality. This week an Education Officer has been appointed but has so far taken no steps.

The intelligence of Ordnance is above average, and so much is this lack of educational opportunities felt that small groups are being formed for play-reading and discussions, though the only meeting-places possible are the fields round the camp. All that the Educational Officer need do is to provide the facilities; the rest of the work would be done for him.

The impression I have gained from the Army is that they regard education not only as part of entertainment, but also as a part very inferior to concert party and dance. ORDNANT

SIR,—I share with Mr. Thomas Stevens the regret that Army education is neither so purposive nor continuous as it is in the Adult Education movement. But how can it be? The ideals and standards of such bodies as the W.E.A. have been forty years a-growing and even now appeal to no more than a fraction of the working-class population. Why should we expect that fraction to be increased because the men are now in khaki instead of dungarees? If these men are to discover the pleasures of further education what is our best way to go about it—to conscript them into attending systematic courses in citizenship or to coax them into voluntary attendance at debates, lectures, reading circles and other elementary facilities? The second alternative, I agree, may reach no higher than the entertainment level, yet it is an experience which *may* lead some men to further and more substantial educational adventures. Voluntary attendance at systematic and continuous courses of education is an ideal impossible of attainment in the army on a large scale at present. The chief reason, as I say, is that the bulk of men, unfamiliar as they are, with the motives and rewards of education, simply wouldn't turn up. The other reason, which Mr. Stevens completely disregards, is that military training and operational duties cut across every other consideration. Our army is not yet an army of occupation; it is pre-occupied with preparing men to fight; it is always on the move, even in England; it works long and awkward hours. In short, the army as a whole has neither the time nor the stamina—even if it had the inclination—to adopt Mr. Stevens' ideal of systematic courses in citizenship.

One reason why army education fell on evil days between 1920 and 1940 is that neither the Labour Movement nor the Adult Education Movement showed the slightest concern to follow up the Gorell scheme in the peace-time army, and now it needs to be built up all over again. The Gorell principle will have a second chance—but not before the Armistice. The day will come when the cause of army education will need every reinforcement it can get to build up during the tedious period of demobilisation a systematic training in civic and vocational education. I should be as willing as Mr. Stevens to see that effort made here and now, but I believe it to be physically impossible while the battle is on. Meanwhile, thousands of men are getting an elementary and unforbidding experience of further education under the present scheme. Some of them, indeed, are getting much more, for such static troops as the Pay Corps with their regular hours and their settled abodes have in many places equipped themselves with a curriculum of further education as varied, as continuous and as purposive as that of a W.E.A. Branch or an L.C.C. Evening Institute. That alone is one element of the present scheme which encourages me to believe that when the army has time to spare and regular billets it may not need compulsion in order to discover the pleasures and benefits of further education.

W. E. WILLIAMS

"FULL CIRCLE"

SIR,—I cannot allow Professor Joad's article, which he prefaces with a sneer at the Oxford Labour Club, to pass without comment. He has, it seems, a grievance against socialists of the younger generation, because their socialism is not "ethical," because it is "more concerned with means than ends." The "hardened Marxists" at present in our universities certainly have no sympathy with the vague romantic pseudo-philosophising, which so many people in these days use as a substitute for thought—and of which Professor Joad himself is so admirable an exponent. But to suggest that "young Communists" are concerned only with the dry facts of economics, that they are not intensely interested in the good life which the society they strive for is to achieve, is absolutely false.

What exactly are the differences between Professor Joad's generation and ours? He grew up, he admits himself, in the "optimistic atmosphere" of a pre-war era. That rosy atmosphere clings about him still. The gist of his article, apart from his attacks on the younger generation, is that, in order to attain the form of society, in which the ends desirable in themselves may be pursued ("truth, beauty, goodness and love"), men must learn to "co-operate." It is the "meek co-operative animals, the sheep and the cows" that inherit the earth. Throughout the whole article, there is not a single practical suggestion, or any remark to tell us that Professor Joad knows what sort of an age he is living

in. He quotes, significantly enough, a Fabian tract, published at the beginning of the last war, in which it is said, that "the State" (no details offered) exists by co-operation—and the good socialists will "co-operate, so that they may, as far as possible, escape from the struggle of life to the doing of those things which are worth doing for their own sake." This is mere conjuring with words—if Fabianism has nothing to offer us with a greater grip on reality than this, it is small wonder we have abandoned it.

We grew up in a very different world. No easy optimism and no easy faith lay to hand. We saw, and see, the things we care about, truth, justice, freedom, beauty (to use Professor Joad's own terms) destroyed in country after country, and often by the very people who had those words most frequently in their mouths. We saw science and scholarship frustrated—men and women of one of the richest countries in the world starving for lack of food—and for lack of education—in short, for we all know the dismal recital, a world of imperialist powers fighting for spoil, our own Government among them. And this was the world presented to us by the well-meaning idealists who entered the last war talking about "co-operation."

Young people of to-day, and not only those who are Marxists, are concerned to attain a society where men and women can live as human beings ought to live, free, educated, without fear or hate. But we realise that the fight for such a society must be waged with the help of hard facts, and a just estimation of the forces that oppose us. If we dislike words such as "truth and love" being freely tossed about, it is because these words so often hide inexact knowledge and careless thought. If there is one thing an Oxford education teaches us it is a distrust of vague abstract terms. And if there is one virtue which the younger generation possesses, it is an unwillingness to accept cant uncritically.

So Professor Joad must pardon us if "the liberal ethics of the nineteenth century, the ethics of fair play" seem to have lost their significance. We desire first to know the truth, and to think honestly about it. Then, with our eye on the unpleasant realities of the situation, to act. There is no less idealism in this generation than there was in the last. The only difference is that we are learning by bitter experience to be practical.

Somerville College, Oxford. IRIS MURDOCH, Chairman, Oxford University Labour Club.

THE REPRISAL FOLLY

SIR,—I agree with you that reprisals are folly, if only as you rightly state, the Germans can give us back more than we give them, owing to: (1) the position of their bases in relation to our towns; (2) their preponderance in the air. Also one might consider the Christian Ethic, which is such sound common sense that no one can understand it.

The following extract from the *Times* of April 24th last is illuminating. The scene is the House of Lords:

> Lord Beaverbrook (*loq.*): ". . . one of the officers . . . in the evening loaded his great bomb on an aircraft, went off to Emden, and dropped it on the town. . . . At ten o'clock he was telling him (Lord Beaverbrook) his experiences in technical terms. (Laughter.) . . ."

The dropping of this huge bomb (it was stated to be the biggest bomb ever flung out of a bomber) in the middle of an enemy town was naturally a matter of mirth for the noble Lords, but the ordinary citizen who is obliged to stay in his job and do fire-watching may be forgiven if he murmurs: "Now those Nazis will be dropping one like that on my head!"

Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw put the whole matter very neatly in a letter to the *Times* this morning. As they point out: "our heads are not as clear as they might be on this subject." J. H. SYMONS

7 Winchelsea Court, Worthing.

PRESERVED OCCUPATION

SIR,—The scene is a street market in a badly bombed working-class area in London. The time is Saturday afternoon three days after the worst raid yet on the capital. I am the last in a long apple-queue. The apples are kept in a barrel at the side. Rhubarb and lettuces are displayed conspicuously. Every customer, as she takes her turn, asks for a bunch or two of rhubarb before making her request for apples. Business is brisk, and everybody is waiting anxiously and watching the procedure closely. At last there are only half a dozen people in front of me. The woman next to me turns round:

"He is selling the apples only with rhubarb, look! That's unlawful. He ought to be reported. . . . There's no time, though, and I can't see a copper." She cranes her head.

"I'm not going to take rhubarb, anyway," I reply, feeling glad of having found an ally. We both speak loudly enough to be overheard by all the other women and by the seller of the apples. The woman in front of me is getting impatient and, leaving the queue, she approaches the man. She speaks to him in a low, quiet voice, and I am unable to hear what she says. Suddenly, the man starts shouting at her furiously. His voice is full of hatred and malice. The woman answers him quietly, reddening and smiling with embarrassment. At last the man asks her with sneering politeness:

"How many do you want, madam?"

The woman, still smiling, tells him.

"Two pounds?" he roars at her with a hateful grin on his face. "Two pounds? You won't get one, you won't get half even, I tell you. I haven't got any more apples. They are all sold. You can go away. . . . I'm not going to serve you. . . . I haven't got any more apples, I tell you!" He fumbles about with his bunches of rhubarb and the lettuces. "I've got to sell these!" He waves the rest of the queue away. In the meantime another queue has formed at the back of the cart. The woman goes away after another quiet remark about his unlawful conduct. The man proceeds with the sale of his apples. Nobody asks for rhubarb now. The rest of the old queue still hangs on. Repeatedly one or the other of us asks for apples; and repeatedly the man waves us away shouting:

"I've got to sell these! I've got to sell these!" meaning the rhubarb and lettuces.

"I'm not going to serve you," he addresses me.

"But we are the first queue there was," venture I.

"I'm not serving no queue!" he bawls, beside himself with rage.

"We shall keep an eye on you," is all I can think of saying in going away, knowing perfectly well that what with my working all day and spending almost all my spare time in chasing about for food I shall be too busy or too tired for that sort of thing; and, after all, one little clumsy triumph of excessive greed more or less in the grand scramble for the largest possible gain that is going on in the intervals between the largest raids yet is, presumably, of no account. SHORTHAND-TYPIST

24 Parliament Hill, N.W.3.

DIE ZEITUNG

SIR,—In your issue dated April 26th a "German Socialist" writes to you stating rather unfriendly things about *Die Zeitung*. He holds the gloomy view that "not a single German anti-Nazi with any political responsibility has contributed or will contribute" to our paper. Either this anonymous gentleman does not read *Die Zeitung* or he left Germany so early that he does not know who is Nazi and who is not; otherwise he would not have failed to recognise Thomas Mann, Erika Auden-Mann, Friedrich Burschell, Kurt Hiller, Ernst Johannsen and many others amongst our distinguished contributors.

The anonymous writer seems to resent the fact that this paper does not belong to any political party and would obviously like us to adopt the shape of his group. Not to belong to any party, however, being independent and free, is, in my view, not only a very normal but a very precious advantage for any paper. It gives a democratic chance to anybody, who has something worth saying, to express himself—and we are in the fortunate position to offer this chance.

Certain members of the former German Social Democratic Party, however, do not want to make use of this chance. They do not like us. Why? I do not know. Perhaps because some of us hold socialistic views without belonging to any "party" or "group." They did not like us even before the first issue of *Die Zeitung* appeared, and rumours reached our ears that there was a "ban" preventing members of that group from writing for us. Rather totalitarian methods, aren't they? I wonder whence these politicians have derived their attitude of infallibility—the lack of which was very deplorable before the Nazis came to power!

Die Zeitung, J. H. LOTHAR.

D. N. PRITT

K.C., M.P.

is already well known as one of the foremost political writers of the day. His two books, LIGHT ON MOSCOW and MUST THE WAR SPREAD, each sold more than 250,000 copies. Mr. Pritt, in his latest book,

CHOOSE YOUR FUTURE

develops further his views and deals with the vexed question of peace aims. He puts forward concrete suggestions for ending the war and the chaos which war brings—a solution which would not only end the war but would remove the causes of war in the future.

Just **2/6** published

LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD.

2 Parton Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN we ask ourselves what the heroes of novels did with themselves in their spare time, a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago, there can be no hesitation in the answer. Novel after novel confirms it, from *Tom Brown at Oxford* back to Fielding and Smollett: they stretched themselves on a sofa, lit a cheroot and picked up again the adventures of Gil Blas. Once more they were on the road with that hopeful young valet from the Asturias as he went from town to town in Old Castile in the reign of Philip IV, always involved in the love affairs and the dubious money secrets of his employers, until, a model of Self-Help, he enters the valet-keeping classes himself and becomes secretary to the Prime Minister. Say your prayers (his loving parents advised him when he set out for the University of Salamanca which he never reached, at least not to become a student), avoid bad company, and above all keep your fingers off other peoples' property. Gil Blas ignored this good advice from the beginning and returned home at last to a benign retirement as a rich man and a noble. Not exactly a sinner, not exactly virtuous, Gil Blas is a kind of public statue to what we would call the main chance and to what the Spaniards call *conformidad* or accepting the world for what it is and being no better than your neighbour.

English taste has always been responsive to Le Sage; his influence on English writers and his enormous vogue were far greater among us than they were in France. Defoe probably read him; Smollett and his successors certainly did. He became the intermediary between ourselves and that raw, farcical, sour, bitter picaresque literature of Spain which, for some reason, has always taken the English fancy. Gil Blas took the strong meat of the rogues' tales and made it palatable for us. He put a few clothes on the awful goose-fleshed and pimpled carnality of Spanish realism, disguised starvation as commercial anxiety, filled the coarse vacuum which the blatant passions of the Spaniards create around them with the rustle and crackle of intrigue. We who live in the north feel that no man has the right to be so utterly stripped of illusions as the Spaniard seems to be; Gil Blas covered that blank and too virile nakedness, not indeed with illusions, but with a degree of elegance. It was necessary. For though the picaresque novel appealed to that practical, empirical, rule-of-thumb strain in the English mind, to that strong instinct of sympathy we have for an ingenious success story—and all picaresque novels are really unholy success stories—we have not quite the nervous system to stand some of the things the Spaniards can stand. What is *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the most famous of the picaresque novels, but the subject of starvation treated as farce? We could never make jokes about starvation.

Compared to the real Spanish thing, *Gil Blas* is a concoction which lacks the native vividness. It belongs to the middle period of picaresque literature when the rogue has become a good deal of the puritan. Historically this transition is extraordinarily interesting. One could not have a clearer example of the way in which the form and matter of literature are gradually fashioned by economic change in society. The literature of roguery which Le Sage burgled for the compilation of *Gil Blas* is the fruit of that economic anarchy which early capitalism introduced into Spanish life. In England the typical character of the period is the puritan; in Spain his opposite number is the man who has to live by his wits. A system has broken down, amid imperialist war and civil revolt, poverty has become general among those who rely on honest labour. There is only one way for the energetic to get their living. They can rush to the cities and especially to the Court and help themselves to the conquered wealth of the New World, to that wealth or new money which has brought poverty to the rest of the population by destroying the value of the old money. I am not sure how far economists would confirm the generalisation, but it seems that Spain used foreign conquest and the gold of the New World to stave off the introduction of private capitalism, and the parallel with Nazi policy is close. At any rate, instead of the successful trader, Spain produces the trader frustrated, in other words, the rogue.

They are, of course, both aspects of the same kind of man and that is one of the reasons why Defoe and English literature got so much out of the picaresque novel, so that it is hard to distinguish between Defoe's diligent nonconformists and his ingenious cheats and gold diggers. Gil Blas himself represents the mingling of the types. He is not many hours on the road before he is adroitly flattered and cheated. It is the first lesson of the young and trusting go-getter in the ways of the world. Until he gets to Madrid his career is one long list of disasters. He is captured by robbers, robbed by cocottes in the jewel racket. The hopeful young man on his way to an estimable career at the university is soon nothing but a beggar and is well on the way to becoming a knave by the time he sets up in partnership with a provincial quack doctor. Madrid really saves him from the louder kinds of crime. Intrigue is, he learns, far more remunerative. He goes from one household to another as a valet, filling his pockets as he goes. The knave has given place to the young man with an eye for a good situation and whose chief social ambition is to become a *señorito* or *petit maître*, extravagantly dressed and practising the gaudy manners of the innumerable imitators of the aristocracy. No one is more the new bourgeois than Gil Blas—especially in his great scorn for the bourgeois. And there is something very oily about him. How careful he is to worm his way into his master's confidence so that he may become a secretary and rake off small commissions or in the hope that he will be left something in the old man's will! Much later, by his attention to duty, he becomes a secretary to a Minister, and sells offices and pockets bribes. What of it?—he is no worse, he says, than the Minister himself, or the heir to the throne who has dirty money dealings all round, or those old ladies who pose as aristocrats in order to palm off their daughters on wealthy lovers. There is a sentence describing an old actress which puts Gil Blas's ambition in a nutshell. She was

> Une de ces héroïnes de galanterie qui savent plaire jusque dans leur vieillesse et qui meurent chargées des dépouilles de deux ou trois générations.

"To be loaded with the spoils"—that is very different from the fate of the real *picaro* of the earlier dispensation, and Gil Blas is not entirely cynical about it. "After all" (he seems to say, his eyes sharp with that frantic anxiety which still exercises Spaniards when there is a question of money), "after all, I worked for it, didn't I? I served my master's interest? I'm a *sort* of honest man." And when he decides to keep a valet of his own and interviews the applicants, there is a certain charm in the way he rejects the one who has a pious face and picks out one who has been a bit of a twister too.

The character of Gil Blas himself could hardly be the attraction of Le Sage's book, and indeed he is little more than a lay figure. The pleasures of picaresque literature are like the pleasures of travel. There is continuous movement, variety of people, change of scene. The assumption that secret self-interest, secret passions, are the main motives in human conduct does not enlarge the sensibility—Le Sage came before the sensibility of the eighteenth century awakened—but it sharpens the wits, fertilises invention and enlarges gaiety. But again, the book is poor in individual characters. One must get out of one's head all expectation of a gallery of living portraits. Le Sage belonged to the earlier tradition of Molière and Jonson and foreshadowed creations like Jonathan Wild: his people are types, endeared to us because they are familiar and perennial. You get the quack, the quarrelling doctors fighting over the body of the patient, the efficient robber, the impotent old man and his young mistress, the blue-stocking, the elderly virgin on the verge of wantonness, the man of honour, the jealous man, the poet, the actress, the courtier. Each is presented vivaciously, with an eye for self-deception and the bizarre. The story of the Bishop of Granada has become the proverbial fable of the vanity of authors: and that scene in the Escorial when the Prime Minister, in order to impress the King and the court, takes his secretary and papers out into the garden and pretends to be dictating though he is really gossiping, is delicious political satire.

The pleasure of *Gil Blas* is that it just goes on and on in that clear, rapid, flowing style which assimilates the sordid, the worldly or the fantastic romance with easy precision, unstrained and unperturbed. It is the pleasure of the perfect echo, the echo of a whole literature and of a period. You are usually smiling, sometimes you even laugh out loud; then boredom comes down as one incident clutches the heels of another and drags it down. No one can read the novel of adventure for adventure's sake to the end; and yet, put *Gil Blas* down for a while, and you take it up again. It is like a drug. Self-interest, the dry eye, the low opinion, the changing scene, the ingenuity of success, the grin of the man of the world—those touch something in our natures which, for all our romanticism and our idealism, have a weakness for the *modus vivendi*. The puritan and the rogue join hands.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO PROFESSORS

Publicity and Diplomacy, 1890-1914. By PROF. O. J. HALE. *Appleton.* 21*s.*

Political Propaganda. By PROF. F. C. BARTLETT. *Cambridge University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

There is one word to describe *Publicity and Diplomacy*—terrific. In my view it is one of the most significant studies that has been made in this field. Professor Hale is an expert on the pre-war era and on the Press of that era. To augment his already vast knowledge he came over to Europe, sorting out minute material from the British Museum, the Prussian Library, the Reichstag Library; back in America he went through the Library of Congress, the Hoover War Library. He has pieced together the intricate labyrinth of emotion and antagonism in the twenty-five years before the 1914 war. He shows, month by month, the conflicting relationship between Germany and Britain, and within each country between the politicians and the Press. Vividly he shows at every stage the effect of the tie-up between the Cabinet Minister and the newspaper proprietor, the Ambassador and the foreign correspondent, "a wedlock from which there is no divorce" (as German Chancellor Luther called it). The whole story of the gathering conflict between Britain and Germany, and the enormous part which the Press of the two countries played in developing it, is here told down to the last paragraph.

Germans have long held the reputation for excelling in these academic studies, in which a vast body of fact, previously unrelated, is put together into an immense, co-ordinated, and relatively unopinionated volume. Since Hitler this tradition has inevitably declined. Nowadays it is from the U.S.A. that we get historical and sociological studies which are free of major subjectivity and immune from over-riding theories into which all the facts *have to be* fitted. It is rather fashionable over here to laugh at some of this American work, to dismiss it as trivial. But these monographs, now published in streams from several American Universities, contain some of the most original and important human research which is being done in the world to-day—and it is being severely neglected in Britain. Work which gives the facts presented so that others may draw their own conclusions, and draw different conclusions from the author if necessary. The pity is that a large part of this stuff is not available in this country, even in the best University libraries. *Publicity and Diplomacy* provides a chance (worth it even at 21s.) for anyone to acquaint himself with the academic tempo of the U.S.A. and with that particular realism which so distinguishes the social science professors of America from their colleagues in Britain. This book is more intricate than any Ph.D. thesis, more exciting than any detective story. When you have read even a small part of it your attitude to high diplomacy and national hatred is likely to be deeply affected, if you are (as I am) still rather naive and ignorant about the way high politics is conducted.

The *Times* the other day had a strong leader criticising the precedent established by Sir Robert Vansittart in his "Black Record" broadcasts. After reading Professor Hale's book one wonders at this; the only difference seems to be that Vansittart said it himself, whereas thirty years ago he would probably have managed to get the *Times* to say it for him. This seems to be a gain rather than a loss. Over and over again, statesmen and diplomats have deliberately distorted the facts about other peoples and presented them—sometimes improperly—in a way calculated to arouse or reduce public opinion through the Press. Professor Hale has not yet had the opportunity of turning his attention to the period 1920-39; I don't imagine it will be found to be entirely different, except in one respect.

The striking difference between pre-Great War and pre-Greatest War is in the power of the Press itself. For instance, in 1884, almost single-handed and through an evening newspaper with a circulation of around 10,000, W. T. Stead was able to stimulate the Gladstone Ministry to launch a vastly increased Naval programme. In 1897 a single article in Frank Harris's weekly, the *Saturday Review*, became a major feature in international propaganda and bad relations; "more than any other one screed it helped to establish the thesis that a British attack was a possibility against which they (the Germans) must prepare." Again, it is hardly a loss that to-day a momentary fit of bad temper by the editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will not have such an effect in the chancelleries of Europe. As the electorate has become larger, more and more people have had to be influenced in order to give an appearance of "public opinion," and more and more alternative methods of doing this have developed, so that no one article can now be supposed to represent "Britain." Moreover, the actual power of the Press in influencing public opinion has unquestionably decreased in the last twenty years, partly owing to the shortsighted policy of the Press itself. The Press can no longer

The War—at a glance!

The progress of the War simply yet vividly told in maps, diagrams and terse text—by the "man who makes maps speak."

HORRABIN'S

Atlas—History OF THE SECOND GREAT WAR

Vol. 3, July 1940—Feb. 1941

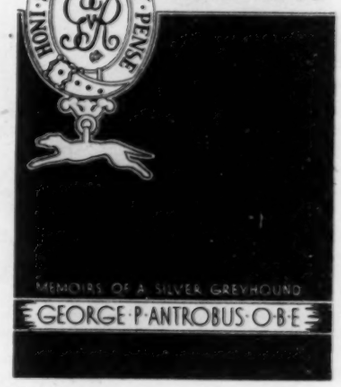
CONTENTS INCLUDE: Mass Raids on British Cities: The French Fleet: War on Greece: The North Atlantic: The R.A.F. over Germany: The Encirclement of Yugo-Slavia: The U.S.A. and the War: The Red Sea and The Gulf of Aden: etc., etc.

3s. 6d. net

Vol. 1, Sept. 1939—Jan. 1940
Vol. 2, Jan. 1940—July 1940

NELSON, London and Edinburgh

KING'S MESSENGER 1918-1940



A brilliant biography covering twenty historic years.

10s. 6d. net.

HERBERT JENKINS

A Pacifist Speaks to the Electorate

The election address of Stuart Morris, independent pacifist candidate in the King's Norton by-election on May 8, appears

in this week's

PEACE NEWS

Send for specimen copy (and address of your nearest agent) to Publishers (Dept. N.S.4), 3 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

2d. WEEKLY

"TOTAL VICTORY"

(ITS MEANING AND WAY OF ACHIEVEMENT)

A NEW BOOK — TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE LATE SUMMER—

BY

COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

WILL APPEAR SERIALLY, BEGINNING MAY 8th, IN

THE K-H NEWS-LETTER

This independent publication deals realistically with national and international affairs. Since its inception in 1936, it has warned the public that no compromise is possible between Democracy and Nazism, and that only by the fullest use of our brain and man power will the Freedom Front triumph over the New Serfdom.

The K-H News-Letter is posted weekly to thousands of readers in all parts of the world.

If you are interested, please fill in the Form below. Your subscription will be returned in full if you are not satisfied after receiving four Letters.

ORDER FORM

To K-H NEWS-LETTER SERVICE, Hartfield House, Headley, Bordon, Hants.

Please send { *52 Letters and Supplements for* **12/6.**
{ 26 „ „ „ „ **6/6.**

TO.....

.....

ENCLOSED £ s. d.

N.S.N

University Correspondence College

William Briggs Trust Ltd.
Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.
Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., *M.C.*

Tuition by Post

U.C.C., founded in 1887, with its staff of highly qualified *resident* tutors, conducts courses of study for London University Matriculation, Intermediate, and Degree examinations; also for School Certificates, R.A.F. Mathematics, Navy Entrance, Law Preliminary, Pre-Medical, Engineering, Teachers' Diplomas, etc.

The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure.

For those who wish to use their spare time to advantage many interesting Self-Education Courses are available in single subjects, *e.g.* English, Modern Foreign Languages, Economics, etc.

FREE PROSPECTUS
on application to the Registrar

70 Burlington House Cambridge

Whatever your walk in life

you may enjoy the many advantages of a banking account, and the Westminster Bank with over a hundred years of experience and an extensive system of branch offices is amply equipped to meet your banking requirements.

For a trader especially the mere possession of a banking account carries with it a certain business status, added to which he is secure in the knowledge that money entrusted to the Bank is deposited in the safest place possible under existing conditions. There is the convenience of paying bills by cheque instead of keeping large amounts of cash on hand, while the passbook or statement of account forms a valuable additional record of business dealings.

The Manager of any branch of the Westminster Bank will readily give further details of the variety of services available to the Bank's customers.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office:
41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2

rapidly *change* public opinion on major issues, though it can still make some politicians believe that published opinion is the same thing as public opinion.

There is convincing proof presented in this volume of the way in which the technique of engineering public opinion was developed in both countries. And throughout the text there are the fascinatingly revealing asides of leading figures in those days, like Lord Esher's remark to Sir John Fisher in 1907, which might well have been made thirty-three years later:

> It is the discussions which keep alive popular fears and popular interest, upon which alone rest the Navy Estimates. A nation that believes itself secure, all history teaches, is doomed. Anxiety, not a sense of security, lies at the root of readiness for war. . . . An invasion Scare is the mill of God which grinds you out a Navy of Dreadnoughts, and keeps the British people warlike in spirit.

Alas, that axiom has been overdone this time! The Press have given us so many scares that they are no longer scaring.

After spending a couple of months plunged in this extraordinary book, I felt it was rather unfair to pick up a little book which can be read in a few hours, written by an eminent Cambridge psychologist, Professor Bartlett. This professor has evidently felt that publicity and propaganda do not need any special study or research, and he hardly grasps the complex of problems involved. He talks about propaganda as if it were something necessarily evil, practically new, and largely Fascist. He frequently goes off into subjective generalisations and kindly but biased hopes, which confuse (irrelevantly) the treatment of facts—e.g., "I believe, too, that man's conscious control of his own destinies is growing all the time and can, if only he likes, be made more and more complete." The English professor could do with a big dose of the American.

TOM HARRISON

A PALM-TREE ERADICATED

The Sassoon Dynasty. By CECIL ROTH. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Roth has chosen a most rewarding subject. Unluckily his style is flashy, he mistakes schoolboy sarcasm for wit, and he fails to arrange lucidly his highly complicated material. Consequently the reader ends the book with his head in a whirl. In the foreground one sees Siegfried Sassoon, a poet on a hunter, Sir Philip Sassoon at G.H.Q. or the Office of Works, and his lovely sister, Lady Cholmondeley, in the Palladian saloons of Houghton; immediately behind these we catch glimpses of Edwardian hostesses and racing men at Sandringham and Covent Garden; then comes a swarm of mysterious figures from the synagogues of India and Mesopotamia, Gubbays and Ezras and Ezekiels and Shellims and Hyeems, so repeatedly intermarrying that everybody seems to be the cousin of his mother or the uncle of his wife: and, dominating the background, majestic in the oriental robes he always wore is David ben Sassoon ben Saleh ben Jacob ben Saleh ben Jacob, the great-grandfather of the Fox-hunting Man, the Minister and the Marchioness.

His ancestors had long been prominent in the Jewish community of Bagdad, perhaps since the Captivity, but he removed to Bombay, where he built himself a great fortune as a trader and manufacturer of cotton goods. He had eight sons and five daughters. The eldest, Abdullah, came to England, where he turned into Sir Albert Sassoon of Kensington Gore; and six of his brothers followed this prosperous example. One of these, Abraham Shalom, adopted the name of Arthur, married into European Jewry, took up hunting, and, like his brother Reuben, won the close friendship of the Prince of Wales. "A palm-tree eradicated" is part of the arms granted by the College of Heralds—arms that one member of the family had clipped upon his poodle's back. And the rapidity with which these exotic creatures took new root and flourished in English soil makes their history remarkable.

Mr. Roth, who is positively jingo in his Jewishness, deplores the completeness with which the latest generation of Sassoons abandoned their ancestral customs. He says, with what justice I do not know, that Philip Sassoon "timorously allowed it to be put about that he was of Parsee extraction." (This legend is certainly widespread.) Jewish ancestry is a just cause for pride, but to an unprejudiced gentile eye it seems that the continuing usefulness of the Jews probably depends upon their surrendering their Bronze Age taboos, and intermingling their too ardent blood with our too sluggish lymph. No nation can enjoy carrying in its midst a foreign body that refuses to be absorbed, and the exclusiveness of the Jews sets a bad example to Gentiles. Moreover, Siegfried Sassoon, whose mother was not Jewish, provides an example of the beneficial effects of miscegenation.

Mr. Roth's national loyalty also obliges him to put forward the most exaggerated claims for his compatriots, talking for instance of "the exquisite aesthetic sensibility of the Rothschilds." In fact most Rothschilds, unlike a Camondo and an Alphonse Kahn in Paris, have been notoriously deficient in this quality, their taste running chiefly to buhl and ormolu, the showy furniture and costly *bibelots* made for financiers in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. For the Sassoons as a family Mr. Roth makes no such claim—indeed he is tediously jocose about their Victorian statuary, but when he comes to Sir Philip, because his mother was a Rothschild, he relapses into dithyrambs. Sir Philip indubitably had a taste of his own: his favourite painter seems to have been Sert, and the walls of at least two of his houses were bedizened with gilded elephants. "The Pope," he wrote, "was exquisitely dressed in white *moiré* and sapphires. . . . The Swiss guard are quite the *chicest* thing I have ever seen and all his lacqueys wear old red cut velvet." This is humorous, but it is also the spontaneous language of the *couturier* and the Interior Decorator. One would like to have known Philip Sassoon—he was clever, courageous, good-looking, generous and charming. The very exorbitance of his taste, worthy of a Maharajah, must have enhanced the enjoyment of his friends. But Mr. Roth asserts that he possessed "perhaps the most exquisite aesthetic taste of any Englishman of his generation." Only misguided nationalism could urge so silly a claim.

Sir Albert Sassoon established his stables on the top floor of his Kensington mansion, with a lift to carry up the horses and carriages. Such details as this make Mr. Roth's book readable despite its style. Unluckily in preparing it he has not been given access to the family archives. A fascinating subject therefore still awaits its historian. The opulence of the Sassoons sprang from an economic system that is moribund, their dashing capture of fashionable London depended similarly upon a royal circle very different from the present Court. To do full justice to the picturesqueness of their story would require the genius of Balzac. How he would have revelled in describing the patriarch's exodus from Bagdad during an outbreak of persecution; the vast expansion of the Bombay mills; the spread of the business to China; the splitting of the firm into two rival and hostile companies; the lavish public benefactions; the sumptuous Indian residences, Braganza Hall in Bombay, Ashley House at

Poona, and Glen Ogle at Mahableshwar; the second exodus, this time to London: the lifted eyebrows of the Rothschilds, who however in due course intermarried; the dignified magnificence of Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, the beauty and volatile wit of Aline Sassoon, the enterprise of Mrs. Beer, a Sassoon by birth, who edited simultaneously *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*; the connection with the synagogue growing more and more perfunctory; the sons deserting the counting-house for the regimental mess; the persistence of Oriental tastes in a fourth generation which preferred to forget its origins; the emergence of a poet; and the inexorable sterilisation of the transplanted family in the atmosphere of Europe—for of the eight sons of the founder six now have no male descendants. A fabulous story, of which Mr. Roth's book shows only the dim and confused outlines. RAYMOND MORTIMER

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

Municipal Trading. By HERMAN FINER. *Allen and Unwin.* 16s.

The title of this book recalls the long-drawn-out controversy between the advocates and the opponents of collective ownership of public utilities which took place between 1890 and 1914. Interest in the question of socialisation has moved from the local to the regional and national spheres; but Dr. Finer is not concerned with the political issue involved. His aim has been to give a descriptive and critical account of the actual operation by local authorities of the four trading services of gas, water, electricity and transport.

The author not only omits all consideration of the utilities owned by companies, but he refuses even to recognise the possibility of a valid comparison between public and private enterprise in this field. His attitude on this crucial point is based on the acceptance of certain unproved assertions which he appears to have borrowed from economic theory. For example:

> Public utilities, whether municipally or privately owned and managed, are local monopolies. Costs are not competitive, *but are inflated over the competitive level*. . . . Statistics of costs, profits and prices therefore cannot be of decisive value in a comparison of the efficiency of public and private undertakings. [Our italics.]

What is the evidence for this? There is no indication whatever that public utilities pay more for their coal, machinery or labour than the market price in competition with other consumers of similar commodities and services. On the contrary, it appears that local authorities tend to offer unduly low salaries to their technical experts. Yet on the assumption that "costs and prices are in monopoly conditions determined by factors other than those of efficiency," Dr. Finer has eschewed all attempt at comparison between the relative success of municipal and private enterprise. "Because the independent variables are complex and difficult to evaluate," he says in another passage, "we take the view that they would be of little value in a study of the comparative efficiency of private and public undertakings, or public undertakings *inter se*."

This exclusion of the central point of general interest has the effect of stultifying the wider appeal of the book, though it will no doubt be useful to students of public administration. In a later passage, however, the author shows some doubts as to the wisdom of his previous attitude, for on page 103 he refers with approval to the view of "the enthusiasts" who desire to establish a system of uniform costings which would enable comparisons to be made between undertakings of substantially similar character.

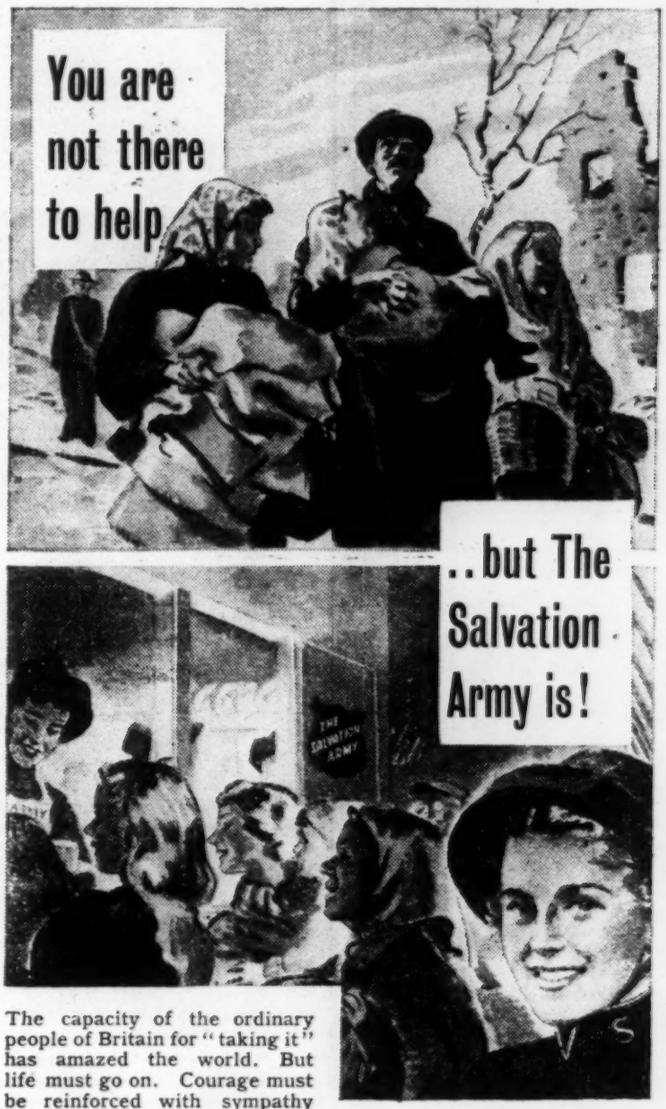
Dr. Finer rightly concludes that with few exceptions municipal undertakings in Great Britain are efficiently administered. Indeed, he goes so far as to say, in another breakaway from his purist attitude, that the best municipal undertakings are at least as well administered as the most successful private concerns, whether under public control or not, and many stand very high indeed in the scale of business enterprise.

> Technically and administratively, municipal enterprise has been as inventive at the very least as private industry. In the matter of pricing methods, the design of equipment and plant, of processes of manufacture and inter-research of new uses, the organisation of service, municipal authorities have been keen and early experimenters.

The forces which in local government replace the search for profit in private enterprise are clearly stated, and the influence of democratic control in the day-to-day process of administration are expounded with care and knowledge. At the same time, the author does not hesitate to point out the weaknesses of municipal operation. Among these is the inordinately long tenure of office of the chairman of committees in some local authorities. Out of 64 committees chosen at random, the chairman had been in office for 20 years or over in 3 cases; for 17 to 19 years in 2 cases; for 14 to 16 years in 4 cases; for 11 to 13 years in 4 cases; and for 10 years in 11 cases. These are obviously far too long.

One of the defects of the book is a curious refusal to enunciate any principle in an unequivocal manner. Every leading idea or maxim is hedged about with so many qualifications and contrary notions that little in the way of a body of doctrine emerges from the study. This very confusion of ideas is itself a principle in the author's mind, for on the penultimate page he asserts:

> No single principle should ever be allowed to run unchallenged over the whole field of any human institution, whether State, local authority,



The capacity of the ordinary people of Britain for "taking it" has amazed the world. But life must go on. Courage must be reinforced with sympathy and practical help. A bunk number may be a useful address but it is a poor substitute for a fireside and home comforts. Every night many thousands of men, women and children in public Air Raid Shelters in the great cities are served by Salvation Army Canteens. How grateful they are for this service! Will you help us to keep helping them?

General Carpenter, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT

T

is for *Tribune* the Socialist Weekly

Buy and read the special May-Day Number

Regular contributors:

Laski, Bevan, Postgate, Strauss, etc.

Every Friday 3d. from all newsagents or 222 Strand, W.C.2

What can I do . . .

when my BRAEMAR *wears out?*

Even a Braemar can't last for ever, but you can give it a new lease of life in wartime by sending it for a 'Stitch-in-Time'. Yes your cherished Braemar Knitwear and Underwear can now be repaired, re-shaped or whatever you want. Ask your Braemar retailer about it, or write to address below for new booklet giving full details.

SEND IT TO THE

BRAEMAR

'Stitch-in-Time' SERVICE

(THROUGH YOUR RETAILER)

INNES, IRVINE SON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

or private business: political and administrative sanity is secreted in the combination and jostling of alternative principles. Hence, if municipal enterprise be taken as the orthodox basis, its own continued health will be maintainable only by the deliberate licensing of the heterodox, in ample areas reserved to them and chosen for their sample character.

Such a plea strikes one as fantastic at a time when democracy has been brought to its present plight all over Europe through the confusion of conflicting ideas, and the ensuing paralysis in the sphere of action caused by that confusion.

W. A. ROBSON

NATIONS AS ANIMALS

The Behaviour of Nations. An Essay in the Conduct of National Organisms in the Nutritional Field. By MORLEY ROBERTS. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A nation, according to Mr. Roberts, is a low-grade invertebrate animal. If individuals have "minds," so have nations. But Mr. Roberts accepts behaviourism, "which has treated 'mind' much as physics has treated 'force,' by kicking it out of the laboratory." Nevertheless it is convenient and enlightening, he believes, to speak of the "minds" of nations. They may significantly be said to "dream and think," to fear and hate, and to suffer from "mental" disorders.

The actions of these "animals" never spring from generous or moral motives. Macchiavelli and Hobbes afford us the clearest insight into their behaviour, which is a continuous struggle for food and security. No one "who has not been suckled on political milk and peace-pap" can blame nations for their savage conduct. "In the end we need not doubt that all religions, Communism, Nazism, Catholicism, Mohammedanism, and all hypertrophied national systems are covers for world-conquest." Since morality does not apply to nations, "the massacre of a whole population is justifiable." "I know of only one reason for not crushing Germany utterly. It is that they (*sic*) may themselves cry to us to help them against a Russian flood from the north."

Any criticism of his thesis Mr. Roberts proposes to dismiss as "the ridicule natural and excusable in the hack critic and those who have ceased to think." Obvious differences between nations and individual organisms may have been dealt with in his earlier book, but here they are not even noticed. In the organism, but not in the nation, the parts are connected in an unbroken physical system. In the nation, but not in the organism, the units are more developed than the "low-grade invertebrate" whole. An organism, in so far as it really is an individual organism and not a cluster of organisms, has a definite boundary and form; while nations may interfuse their tissues in a union more intimate than any symbiosis. There is only one sure criterion of nationhood. Those individuals belong to one nation who, whatever their differences of biological stock, of language, of government, of economic interest, *feel* themselves to be one nation.

According to Mr. Roberts individual organisms and nations are simply mechanisms. Then why call nations "organisms" at all, rather than "mechanisms"? Why insist that they are "really" and "literally" organisms? Mr. Roberts, under his scientific matter-of-factness, is a romantic. He gets a huge kick out of pretending that nations are marauding beasts. In spite of his analytic materialism he feels that the *significant* account of nations is to be made in terms *not* of individual human beings but of the nation as a whole. Yet to dispassionate observation a nation is far less of a unified whole than the least integrated organism.

Mr. Roberts considers himself a hard-headed scientist who spurns all sentimental twaddle about right and wrong. His cynical attitude to the behaviour of national states is well justified, but his contemptuous and often insolent dismissal of all attempts to introduce order and justice into international affairs is a violation of the scientific spirit. He shows no inkling of the crisis which faces the human species to-day, namely the struggle for a harmonious social and political world-order. He has no conception that anything is at stake save national dominance. For him man is not a creature between brute and angel, who in more favourable circumstances might behave with greater intelligence and generosity. For him man is simply a brute with certain sloppy delusions. It is true that Mr. Roberts grades the nations in respect of their "civility," but this turns out to be nothing more than the genteel etiquette of sophisticated diplomacy. Strange that low-grade organisms can show "civility"! Strange, too, that one who judges the nations according to their diplomatic manners should himself indulge in manners that are deplorable.

The book may do much harm. Its self-confident and arrogant tone and the pseudo-scientific posturing which disguises its perverted romanticism click with something in the temper of our time. Perhaps I have sunk too near to the author's own level of abuse. ("All conservatives," he says, "are selfish idiots and all reformers scoundrels.") If apology is needed, I offer a precept from Mr. Roberts himself. "A brutal reproof brutally administered to those who lack civility and decency may have more effect than tons of civil notes."

OLAF STAPLEDON

U.S.A.

Who are the Americans? By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Being in New York during last year's presidential election I became aware that this election represented to Americans something quite different from what it must have represented to most people in Britain. Most people in Britain, I take it, assumed that the election was being fought on an issue of foreign policy, that Roosevelt and the Democratic party stood for intervention, while Willkie and the Republicans, whatever they might say, stood for isolationism. This assumption ignores the fact that neither of the American parties is a homogeneous body or has, as a party, a regular clear-cut policy on almost any question whatsoever—let alone the question of war in Europe. The election, in so far as it was fought on issues of policy rather than of sentiment, was fought on domestic issues but automatic sentiment and somnambulist tradition were most probably predominant. These points are stressed by Mr. Whitney in his excellent short treatise, *Who are the Americans*, which provides on almost every page some lucid statement of home-truths about America. Home-truths they are but they will still be news to many Englishmen.

Mr. Whitney gives a remarkably concise and clear presentation both of a vast, involved and cumbrous political mechanism (somewhat reminiscent of the Roman Republic with its careful division of powers and its endless opportunities for veto) and of a heterogeneous, multi-form society. If you want a popular first guide to the interlocking (or failing to interlock) machinery of the Federal and State Governments, of the President and the two houses of Congress and the Supreme Court, or again, if you want a short but accurate analysis of the strange blends (or failures to blend) of different groups of Americans, of the conflicts and compromises between different interests, you cannot do better than read this book. One reading of it should cure a great many naïve assumptions and a deal of wishful thinking. Mr. Whitney, an American

lawyer who has left his practice to join the British Army, desires—and appears to expect—American intervention in the war, but his knowledge of his own country makes him fully aware of the difficulties in the way of intervention, while his knowledge of Britain has made him an acute and sympathetic interpreter of those difficulties to people who are hardly conscious of them.

The book is divided into four parts. The first contrasts the U.S.A. with Britain and the British Empire—the Britisher "is either insular or imperial—indeed, he is both. The American is neither"—and stresses the differences in climate and racial composition, their differing attitudes to commerce, and their different conceptions of "democracy." The second part is a very valuable geography lesson, dividing the U.S.A. into ten regions and outlining the mentality characteristic of each. This prepares the reader for the paradoxes of the third part, a summary of "Government in America" (already referred to); e.g., in speaking of the two groups of States known as the "Far West" and the "Prairie States," Mr. Whitney points out that:—

> Although together the two regions provide less than 12 per cent. of the population of the country, their twenty-eight votes in the Senate are nearly 30 per cent. of the whole, and even as individuals their Senators tend to have greater influence than their Eastern brethren, as the scarcity of talent in the West deadens competition, and the same Senator is generally returned term after term. . . . In consequence, by the strange but logical operation of the imperious seniority system in the Senate, the men who represent the smallest constituencies are those who wield the largest influence.

Just one of his many examples of American paradox.

After demonstrating the paradoxes in the Government system itself Mr. Whitney concludes with a section entitled "American Attitude towards Europe." Having given us a salutary reminder that "It is, unfortunately, at the youngest and most impressionable age that the normal American boy is impregnated with the idea that Britain is the hereditary enemy," he proceeds to summarise the causes of isolationism—"the dead hand of the early history of America" and the influence of certain racial strains and of certain sectional interests. But he looks forward to America's education in international politics. LOUIS MACNEICE

HAPPY ENDINGS

The Fourth Quarter. (Hutchinson's Quarterly Record of the War.) By PHILIP GRAVES. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

Briton and Turk. By PHILIP GRAVES. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

To read Mr. Philip Graves's account of the War's *Fourth Quarter* (26th June-29th September, 1940)—that strange unreal summer whose beginnings saw Britain stunned by the fall of France, and whose end saw Göring's squadrons attacking Britain torn and tattered—is like turning the pages of an old Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack telling us of giant encounters of the past; in Mr. Philip Graves's hands even the most heartrending events take on an air of homely familiarity, of being parts of a story which was not unexciting but whose serene ending could not be doubted even for a moment. We learn that "It was fortunate that the British Press and public with insignificant exceptions did not exult over the affair at Oran." Or about the break of Franco-British relations: "It was significant that the first news of the intentions of the French Government should have come from the German Official News Agency." Or about the "teething troubles" of the Home Guard:

> There were differences of opinion as to their training, and some of their ablest and keenest champions were over-inclined to make the experience gained in the Spanish Civil War the sole criterion of its value. On the other side there were officers who did not realise that war had changed not a little since 1918, and that it was absurd to expect the precision and formalities of the barrack-square from part-time volunteers.

How calm, this reflection that "war had changed not a little" since the last occasion! Gently we are led by Mr. Graves past illustrations of the King and Queen contemplating a crater, General de Gaulle looking a shade *louche* in an unfortunate photograph, one of Low's best ever cartoons, Ernie Bevin suitably touched up to stare at us like A National Leader. The Home Front section starts very properly with a chapter on the King and Queen, who are setting a high example of fortitude, and after dealing with the Cavalcade of Parliament, Industry, Supplies, Money, the Dominions, India and the Colonies, ends with a final note on the Duke of Windsor who as new Governor of the Bahamas "gave no countenance to those who saw more in his appointment to this post than met the eye, and disclaimed any intention of acting in any sense save that which the duties of his new office made necessary." Though Mr. Graves, as befits a *Times* leader-writer, treats his subject purely from the British Conservative angle, it is impossible not to admire the assurance with which "history" and "British Conservative history" are treated as identical. Somewhere, in his writings, the universal happy ending always seems to hover. It is one unlikely to be vouchsafed, but in the meantime, for those of us who can snatch a spare hour to imagine ourselves back in the marvellous sunshine and still beauty of last summer, *The Fourth Quarter* makes pleasant reading. *Le style, c'est l'homme!*

Mr. Graves's *Briton and Turk*, on the other hand, is less easy reading. Though this detailed story of Turkish history and cumulative British-Turkish misunderstandings before 1914, in which we meet such characters as Lieut.-Colonel Mustafa Kemal and Colonel Metaxas and "my uncle Robert (later Sir Robert) Graves," is meant more for the Near Eastern expert than the general reader, yet this account of incessant revolutionary intrigues, strife and corruption under the Sultan is so burdened with detail (some of it irrelevant) and with personal experience, that no clear line of Turkish history emerges. Mr. Graves is also too fervently pro-Turkish to be quite fair either to Venizelos or about the Armenian massacres which are carefully "played down." It is also a pity that Turkish post-1920 development and the social history of the Turkish Republic are telescoped by Mr. Graves into one brief concluding chapter, because it would have been interesting to see the bold Turkish experiments in State socialism reviewed in detail by the author of *The Fourth Quarter*. Perhaps we may look forward to a second volume by Mr. Graves to fill the gap. T. R. FYVEL

September 1939. DOMINIC WEGIERSKI. *Minerva Publishing Company.* 7s. 6d.

M. Wegierski, a Polish historian, here describes vividly and simply the invasion of his country. By striking at the Polish Air Force before it had time to learn that the war had started, much less to leave the ground, the Germans rendered every city almost defenceless; and by attacking, successfully as the author admits, the main railway junctions they rendered the mobilisation order widely ineffective. The rest of his story of the war itself is the story of a retreat and the horrors of a retreat in which the civilian population becomes a major embarrassment to the army and, in this war, a special target of the enemy—for terror and panic are two of his most important secret weapons. M. Wegierski includes a number of horrible atrocity stories. One's belief in them is strengthened by the fairmindedness with which he treats the second half of his account. His escape from the country took him first among the Ukrainian Nationalists whose brief hour of violent triumph was interrupted by the arrival of the Bolsheviks. The author defends the Polish Jews against the charges of treachery which have been brought against them on the strength of their

Warnings!

As we sat wondering what we would say this week an air-raid warning sounded. It gave us an idea.

Lots of warnings were sounded at the outbreak of war by manufacturers who predicted shortages of all sorts of commodities. Some have proved to have been well founded, some have not.

We plead guilty to having warned our customers of possible shortages of materials and a rise in costs for men's clothes. The shortage of materials is not really serious so far, but prices have gone up and are bound to go higher.

It may well prove a substantial economy to order clothes now. Goss needs orders, since the dislocation of last December has at least temporarily put him out of touch with many regular customers.

The same care and attention to detail and the same high standard of workmanship, with a wide selection of most attractive materials, will be found at Goss's new quarters. Goss looks forward to your early visit.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Nine to Eleven Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Seven to Nine Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

All prices now subject to Purchase Tax.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

35 Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.1

England's Great New Quarterly One Shilling

KINGDOM COME

Founded in Oxford at the outbreak of War

Edited at 175 BANBURY ROAD, OXFORD

No. 7 (SPRING, 1941), contains:

Politics

"What of the Future?" by the Duke of Bedford
"Wanted—a Dynamic Purpose" by Alexander Walton
"To-morrow for the Young" by John Waller

Articles

"Converts to Joy—Russell and Gide" by A. L. Rowse
"The New Midden" by Naomi Mitchison
"Poetry in its Present State" by Nicholas Moore
"Some Notes on Busoni" by John Russell
"That Old Man of the Sea" by Penelope Knox

Short Stories

"Hell's Corner" by Woodrow Wyatt
"It's Good to be Young" by Gordon Jeffery
"How beautiful they are . . . . ." by Henry Treece
"Tabbatha Mayhew and the Major" by Lance Thirkell
"The Stone Wall" by Keith Carmichael

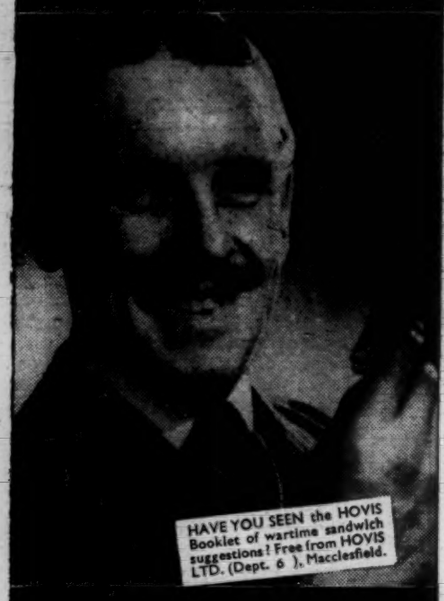
Reviews

Professor Adam Fox on Christopher Hassell
Julian Symons on Charles Madge
Alan Rook on Frederic Prokosh
Michael Meyer on Edward Thomas

New Poems

by Edmund Blunden, Laurence Whistler, Tambimuttu, Rayner Heppenstall, Keidrich Rhys, Roy Fuller, George Huguet, Harry Roskolenko, Anne Ridler, Margaret Stanley-Wrench, G. Rostrevor Hamilton, Norman McCaig, Miles Vaughan Williams

1/2½ post free from 175 Banbury Road, Oxford (or from any newsagent). *Back Numbers*: Nos. 1-4 sold at 7/6 the set; Nos. 5 and 6, 1/2½ each, post free.

HOVIS
TRADE MARK


GIVES YOU
VITAMIN 'B'
BEST BAKERS BAKE HOVIS

ONLY
Phensic
relieved the terrible
HEAD PAINS

QUICKEST AND SAFEST
HERE is a letter which illustrates the great power of Phensic to stop pain and calm nerves. Mrs. L. A., of Bournemouth tells us that "*After a bout of influenza with complications, including inflammation in both ears for which I had all kinds of treatment, the only thing to ease the terrible pain was PHENSIC. Within 15 minutes I was able to sleep.*" This letter reveals, not only the pain-killing power of Phensic, but also its comforting, tonic effect. Try Phensic when you feel dull, or weary, or when you feel symptoms of cold or chill. Millions have proved there's nothing to match Phensic. Get some now!
Prices 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8
(*Including Purchase Tax*)
Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' BRAND
TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

enthusiastic turn-over to the Soviets. Although he himself regards the Soviet intervention as a Stab in the Back he recognises that to the Jews it was a happy release from the tortures and degradations of the Gestapo; and he admits that anti-semitism was not unknown among the Poles. His picture of the Bolsheviks is of stupid uneducated semi-animals (surely a little over-done, this) whose commissars, if overbearing, were at least trying to be conciliatory. Altogether an unusual angle on life in our time.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

IN an article recently contributed to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I made a remark, which I now think to have been ill-advised, as to the "impersonal" nature of the Pastoral Symphony; ill-advised because, while the superficial structure of that work is indeed what I said it was, the remark failed to take account of the essentially personal nature of *all* Beethoven's utterances. This truth has been brought home to me by several playings of the *Second Symphony*, in the new recording by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V.). It has often been pointed out how great an advance on the First Symphony this one represents, for here Beethoven has enormously increased his power of communicating exactly, intensely and economically the four acts of his lyrical drama. By this time, too, he has stepped for ever out of the sphere of "made" music—a sphere which eighteenth-century composers, including Mozart and Haydn, were at any moment prepared to enter, for special reasons. Nevertheless Haydn is still the alembic in which Beethoven distils his essence, and he is most intensely present in the second group of themes of the Larghetto. Aside from this consideration, of a general interest, it seems unnecessary to enlarge on the vital magnificence of the symphony. The recording and performance are no improvement on the latest Beecham set; but there is also another important difference. Koussevitzky, the most romantic of great conductors, projects a strong theatrical lighting on everything he conducts. The hissing, tingling shakes, the gesturing scale rushes, the hammering tempo of the first movement, show him at work attempting to display Beethoven's orchestral technique as if it were Impressionist. That is disquieting; for this work is not *La Mer* and has other aesthetic ends in view. In Beethoven a diatonic scale in semiquavers, even when played *allegro*, is as much a statement in itself as a clearly marked idea of, say, ten inconsecutive notes of unequal value. Such a scale must, therefore, proceed deliberately from one note to the next, and each, if unaccented, be given the same dynamic value. Scales like these in Impressionistic music—from Hummel to Debussy—even when diatonic are frequently little more than harp-like sweeps—the equivalent of an arm thrown out and pointing. They are designed to give special poignancy to the note up (or down) to which they lead; the intervening notes are comparatively unimportant, except as a wash of colour. But Beethoven never uses scale-passages in this way, even in the piano sonatas; his progress, however rapid, is always deliberate in the sense that there are absolutely no indifferent notes.

So much for the performance, to which I cannot, however, deny a certain splendour: it just does not seem to me to be Beethoven. Of the recording the less said the better. I am sure my readers are as tired as I am of my stock of epithets for bad American recordings. This is not a time to look gift-horses in the mouth, but the fact remains that these records simply cannot be made to sound nice, with however much coaxing and whatever kind of needle.

Gramophonists can now possess, in authoritative renderings, two of the profoundest and most Miltonic works of all Beethoven's output: the *Cello Sonatas, op.* 102, played by Casals and Horszowski (H.M.V.). No. 1 in C was issued some time ago; now we have No. 2 in D. The date of composition of these sonatas is 1814, the year in which Beethoven produced the revised version of *Fidelio*. This fact is significant, for the experience of writing music for a stage drama profoundly influenced Beethoven's subsequent instrumental style by suggesting means whereby to intensify and above all to dramatise the conflict of Passion and Reason which seems to underlie all his "abstract" music. The first two movements of this sonata are severely homophonic, the Finale no less severely contrapuntal, and throughout the feeling of compression is overwhelmingly strong. Though the harmony is exceptionally rich, and the piano part full of elaborate figuration in Beethoven's most advanced style, one has the impression that every page is a concentration of ideas and developments that in their original state would have amounted to a MS. four times the length. To reduce, in the culinary and musical sense, is always to enrich; but note how cunningly spaced are the deep chords of the Adagio, so as never to sound muddy, and how, towards the end of this movement and of the first, Beethoven strays suddenly and dangerously out of the tonal centre, in the interests of a mysterious suspense before further action. The vigorous and prickly fugue with which the sonata ends is produced by a release of the energy stored up by the insidious stealth of the Adagio (a Miltonic device, again). There it was too dark to go fast or far; now, in the light, we speed ahead to the foreseen end. In his later fugal movements Beethoven favoured a polyphony made up of intricate scale-permutations (compare the Finale of the Hammerclavier and the *Weihe des Hauses* Overture). The results have given academic teachers nightmares and have led to the helpless but frequently expressed opinion that Beethoven was a bad contrapuntist. This misconception is based on the fact that in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century polyphony each strand is of an essentially *vocal* nature. Beethoven was not, of course, a natural contrapuntist, and it is a mistake to expect from him the smooth counterpoint of Bach. He could and did write in that style when voices were in question—as in the *Mass in D*; but when writing for instruments the exigencies of an intenser dramatic emotion compelled him to a harsher splendour—the musical equivalent of a gorse-bush in flower. I shall not comment further on this astonishing performance, beyond pointing out that the end of the Adagio is a miracle of sustained tone on the part of the cellist, and that the balance between the two instruments is far better than in the case of the Brahms *Sonata in F*, published last summer. The recording is as good as may be, and, unless faced with imminent financial ruin, no musician can afford to miss this set. I can think of nothing more strenuously fortifying, at the present juncture.

Mozart's little *C Major Symphony* (K 338) should need no recommendation, since the old recording, by Beecham and the L.P.O., was excellent and is still acceptable. The new set, by the same ensemble (Col.), is just as good, and one may be grateful for the slightly sharper edges and brighter surface that it brings. This wholly entrancing symphony impels no sadness, except, if you will, in the faint, candle-lit wistfulness of the Andante—an unusually extended one, as in the Prague Symphony, and excluding (as there) a Minuet. The Tarantella-like Finale is the height of elegant gaiety; in no other work—not even in the *Paris* or the G minor symphonies—is one made to realise more pointedly the perfection of Mozart's musical manners—a respect for "social" feelings as admirable as Racine's.

Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* Fantasia (H.M.V.) yields a great deal to Shakespeare's

drama in dewy freshness, yet it is possibly the composer's most successful essay in programme music—more successful, certainly, than *Francesca da Rimini*. The story provides three well-contrasted and easily communicable themes—Friar Lawrence, the Montagu-Capulet vendetta, the lovers—and though they are very skilfully combined and worked up to an effective climax, and although the music Tchaikovsky found for them is moving enough in a rather turgid way, the general effect is tiresomely "literary" and *décousu*. The love theme, however, with its rocking, muted string commentary, is a beautiful invention and deserves special notice. But this is the kind of music, above all others, which contemporary composers are busy reacting against; and I doubt if all the bravura of Mr. Constant Lambert, and the unnamed orchestra which plays up to him with such vigour and sensitiveness, will make many converts, just at present, to a type of romanticism so decidedly out of fashion.

Sibelius can in some respects be regarded as having taken up instrumental expression where Tchaikovsky laid it down; but his progress away from this influence was very rapid, and none of it appears in *Rakastava*, surely one of the strangest opuscules in the whole of musical literature. As unexpected as Berlioz, it has the charm of those modern poems whose images one understands without quite grasping the total import. The "Lover's Walk" is a kind of Musette, which produces an effect of leisured motion by stringing the melody on a chain of busy triplets. The abrupt ending is not uncharacteristic, but may be simply due to the rise of the curtain at that point, for this suite is incidental music to a play. The last movement, "The Farewell," has a good deal more to it, its tranquil sadness, achieved by plagal harmony, anticipates the coda of the Sixth Symphony. There seems to me little to choose between this recording, by the Leslie Heward String Orchestra (Col.), and that of Boyd Neel (Decca); in the new one, however, the detail is rather clearer and the drum-part more in evidence. On side 4 is the beautiful *Elegie* from the *King Christian Suite*—plain sailing after *Rakastava*.

The Cantata, in the form adopted by Bach, is a happy combination of the Suite and the free Fantasia designed to provide an interlude of suitable length and mood in the church service. Since its form—a series of arias interspersed by recitative—partakes of the operatic *scena*, it is obviously desirable that the singer should possess a dramatic technique; so it is fortunate that a singer so apt at making the distinction between declamation and the lyrical style as Elizabeth Schumann should have been engaged to record Bach's *Wedding Cantata* (No. 202) (H.M.V.). It is a lovely and poetical work, variously light in mood, and the spare instrumental accompaniment is beautifully done. The recording is good, though I found some distortion of the voice part unavoidable.

John McCormack has recorded one of the most famous arias from Bach's Cantatas—"Jesus Christ, the Son of God" (from Cantata No. 4)—and Gounod's "There is a Green Hill" (H.M.V.). His inimitable *legato* is well suited to the chorale style of the first; for the sickliness of Gounod's harmonies I cannot pretend to care.

I incline to think the latest Kentner record, Liszt's *Berceuse* (Col.), his best to date. This most delicate and dreamy piece, the revised version of which dates from 1862 and is used here in preference to the original of (I believe) ten years earlier, shows far better than the composer's more surprising fireworks the unique qualities of the modern piano—its sustaining power, its ability to deliver a melody as subtly and mellifluously as any soprano, and—in the hands of a competent executant—to transform tinsel ornament into goldsmith's decoration.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

POETRY (London)

POETS IN UNIFORM NUMBER

with the Fifth Letter written *by* HERBERT READ

"Contains notable contributions"—New Statesman

A Childhood *by* STEPHEN SPENDER
Six Poems from America *by* GEORGE BARKER
A Letter to Anne Ridler *by* G. S. FRASER
The Retreat *by* ALAN ROOK
This Garden *by* DESMOND HAWKINS
Three Poems *by* ALUN LEWIS
Sea-Dirge *by* TOM SCOTT
Four Seasons of War *by* J. F. HENDRY
Daphnis and Chloë *by* LAWRENCE DURRELL

Also Poems by PAUL ELUARD, JOHN WALLER, GEORGE SCURFIELD, HERBERT CORBY, DAVID GASCOYNE

Reviews and Correspondence

Bi-Monthly 1s. *Annual Subscription* 7s.

Edited by Tambimuttu
25 Marchmont Street, W.C. 1

PURELY PERSONAL

OVERWORKED DIRECTOR needs assistance. Box of King Six Cigars preferred—or will accept a single if pressed. They're 8d. each.

FALSE TEETH

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly*. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

is NOT liable to Purchase Tax and is NOT restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Act.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES

2s. 3d. per line (or part line) per insertion. Minimum 2 lines. A line averages 8 words. BOX NUMBERS. Add 1s. Classified advertisements cannot be inserted UNLESS PREPAID. If in doubt about the amount send nearest calculation and it will be adjusted.

Under present conditions insertion cannot be guaranteed. Copy should arrive not later than FIRST POST TUESDAY. *Earlier will help to ensure insertion.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription, post free, to any address in the world costs: One year, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Changes of address for subscription copies should reach this office not later than first post TUESDAY morning.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

VITAL BOOKS

Your purchase of one or other of the books described in this advertisement is not an extravagance, but a wise and profitable investment. It is impossible to measure the worth of these publications by their published price. The Health benefits, both Physical and Mental, and the Vital Information provided to you represents safe and positive dividends which will repay your investment many times over. Endorsed and recommended by the highest authorities, these books are of vital importance. Make your selection now.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX

By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. Post paid 5/6

Written by a young medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynæcology, this new illustrated work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. The contents cover—Anatomy—Physiology—The Psychology of Sex—The Sex Act—Pregnancy and Labour — Contraception — Abortion — Venereal Diseases — Prostitution—Impotence and Sterility.

"Within the pages of this book is contained a survey of the Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Sociology of sex. The feat has been performed by Mr. Havil in a competent fashion. The subject could not be more adequately dealt with within the limitations of a work of this size."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

By RENNIE MACANDREW.

LIFE LONG LOVE

Healthy Sex and Marriage Post paid 5/-

The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love in men and women, and to increase human understanding.

"Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful textbook." *New Statesman and Nation.*

"—eminently sensible but far from dull . . . Particularly refreshing. . . . The book will be appreciated by those who are tired of the stupidities that have been published."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

APPROACHING MANHOOD
APPROACHING WOMANHOOD
Each, post paid 3/10

Parents, teachers, religious leaders and social workers recognise the vital need of accurate books of sex instruction for boys and young men, girls and young women. These books adequately fill that need.

"In every way admirable for the purpose—simply and concisely written—pleasantly informative. . . ."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. Post paid 5/-

"An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage. . . . . Many people will find it very helpful . . . . a wealth of practical hints . . . ."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

Just Published

THE RED LIGHT. Post paid 1/9

A book of sane and logical instruction on Intimate Hygiene for Men and Women.

"Frankly written—sincere and unsuggestive—as indispensable to those in uniform as a Service Gas Mask—the best eighteenpenny worth in its line yet published."

Superman

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. By Dr. G. C. BEALE. This work deals in a comprehensive manner with the whole subject. It is a necessary book alike for the married and those contemplating marriage — 6/6

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" ... — 5/6

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By Dr. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information ... — 8/-

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. By D. MURRAY DAVEY. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method ... — 1/3

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of the Natural treatment of Heart Diseases ... ... — 4/-

BLOOD PRESSURE. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained ... ... — 4/-

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. ... ... — 4/-

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book ... — 4/4

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By JAS. C. THOMSON. With full particulars of the Home Treatment for Scalp Disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Areata, Falling Hair, etc. ... — 1/3

All Prices Include Postage.

THORSONS, Publishers

Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Complete Catalogue Free on Request.

Week-end Competitions

No. 587

Set by Rhoda MacGarlic

The usual prizes are offered for the best opening paragraph (not more than 250 words) for a novel set in the reign of Edward VII. Competitors are invited to make what use they can of customs and objects that have since vanished into oblivion.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, May 12th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 584

Set by Raymond Mortimer

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best sets of three Clerihews on the subject of famous criminals. To avoid the risk of libel or a tedious concentration upon Germans, only dead criminals are eligible.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Clerihew-writing is always very popular with competitors, and I have been overwhelmed with entries. Judging these is difficult, and even invidious, because they appeal to particular idiosyncrasies of taste. I offered a selection, and recommend that the first prize be divided between Sailor and E. V. Milner, the second goes to Allan M. Laing.

Charlotte Corday
Is not reputed to have been bawdy
But wasn't it rather rude
To stab Marat in the nude? (W. Meadway)

Dr. Crippen
Found his married happiness slippin';
His wife could not doubt it;
She was really cut up about it. (Brian Hill)

Dr. Crippen
Made a bad slip in
Trying to cover his crime
With lime. (E. Aitken)

Jack the Ripper
Anticipated the "Zipper"
But he was less effective than they
For he only worked One Way.
(Nancy Gunter)

The Ripper (Jack)
Never stabbed in the back;
There's little else about his ways
To praise. (L. V. Upward)

Rasputin
Didn't care for huntin', fishin' or shootin'.
His favourite sport
Was of quite a different sort. (Edgar Holt)

"This world," muttered Cain,
"Is where I alone must reign;
So it's you for another,
Dear Brother."

Lady Macbeth
Said, "We'll do Duncan to death;
It will prove such a very
Good act for Miss Terry."
(Gordon Simpson)

When King John
Relied upon
Hubert, he
Underestimated the charm of puberty.

The Emperor Tiberius
Wasn't serious.
He had orgies
In gorges. (John Irvine)

Some believe
Eve
To be the first
And worst. (John B. Pick)

George Joseph Smith
Was somewhat prodigal with
His brides but he hoped their fate
Wouldn't send up his water-rate.
(Hilda Hart)

To hang Burke and Hare
Wasn't really quite fair.
Early anatomical work
Owed a lot to men like Hare and Burke.
("Fusilier")

Claudius Nero,
When the temperature reached zero,
And icy Boreas was returning,
Said, "We must keep the Rome fires burning."
(G. J. Blundell)

If Nero
Was his hero,
Sydney Fox
Was pretty orthodox. (Brian Hill)

"Small fry," said Colonel Blood
As he pocketed a stud,
"But not such a failure
As the Regalia." (J. M. Ross)

Lord Woolton has not—
Thank heavens—got,
Sweeny Todd's co-operation
In feeding the nation. (J. Pereira)

Seddon
Is now a dead 'un.
His fate cannot be considered harsh
In view of that moustache! (C. F. Best)

Whenever Mrs. Dyer
Added a child to the heavenly choir
She would take out her hanky
And sing a hymn by Moody and Sankey.
(Leslie Johnson)

No one was keener than Jael.
With a nail
She stabbed Sisera
In the viscera.

When Judith failed with Holofernes
She got up off her knees
And cut off his head
Instead. (Peter Watling)

Guy Fawkes,
A gentleman of Yorks,
Though he never heard of Aryans
Was one of the first Totalitarians.
(R. S. Jaffray)

Mr. Smith
Of the "Brides in the Bath" myth,
Had an awful struggle
To get them down the plughole.
(J. M. H. Mimmack)

Guy Fawkes
used to have long talks
with Bloomsbury fellers
about best cellars. (E. Voce)

Nero
Was not exactly a hero,
But as modern standards go
Was he far below?
(M. Cassel)

FIRST PRIZE

I

The Quarterly Review
Wanted something to do.
But there were better feats
Than killing Keats.

Mr. William Weare
Bled from ear to ear.
I'm sorry to curtail
This story of Thurtell.

Did Rouse,
When he left his house,
Intend to make a lamp
Of a tramp? ("Sailor")

II

Guy Fawkes
Came all the way from Yorks.
So one may excuse his grouse
At failing to bring down the House.

The brothers Wright
Conceived the art of flight.
A pity they
Aren't here to-day!

Pontius Pilate
Made in public his toilet,
Thinking this would excuse
Concessions to the Jews. (E. V. Milner)

SECOND PRIZE

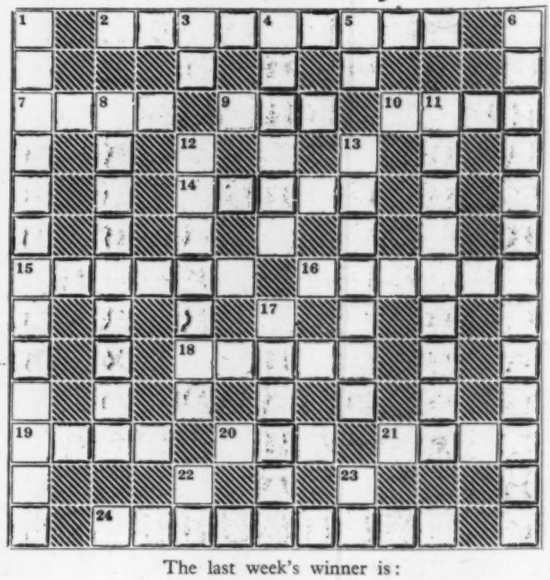
Jack the Ripper,
Even as a nipper,
Had designs on the vital parts
Of tarts.

Burke and Hare
Found corpses all too rare,
So, God willing,
They did a little killing.

John Wilkes Booth
Was not a sporting youth,
So the death of Abe Lincoln
Wasn't reported in the Pink 'Un.
(Allan M. Laing)

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 30

Set by V. S.



The last week's winner is:
A. B. Clinkscales, Custom House, E.C.3.

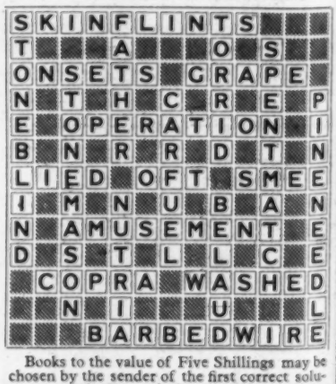
ACROSS

2. By dozens of good men but not true. (9)
7. I pop off and leave you to rest, my sweet. (4)
9 & 20. The extra-shy shouldn't start late. (6)
10. *rev.* Honour At Sea was Drake's objective. (4)
14. *rev.* It might have made sense. (5)
15. Piano had to go first, then her flute. (6)
16. The opera that puts conductors in transports? (6)
18. Nobody joins the Stock Exchange at 21 none-the-less. (5)
19. Take the King's Shilling—no good missing the buss. (4)
20. See 9.
21. Silence for the All-father! (4)
24. Not one of our dear sailors? (5 & 4)

DOWN

1. Gobble its uttermost? (7 & 6).
3 & 23. Quelle Bonheur! (4)
4. Some of us hope it's growing in Germany, others 'ope it's cut short. (6)
5 & 22. Can the French be cut off by water? (4)
6. Officer, 'and the infant these keys. (5, 3 & 5)
8. Mere writers of verse. (4 & 5)
11. On paper it looks like the cow's best bet. (5 & 4)
12. Between two Poles. (7)
13. Over-slept? (7)
17. Once more on the hop. (6)
22. See 5.
23. See 3.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," "New Statesman and Nation," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY—ELECTRICITY SHARES—TAX-FREE DIVIDENDS—ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL

GILT-EDGED stocks remain firm, in spite of bad news, the L.C.C. repays a 5 per cent. loan of £14 millions, other local authorities convert high-coupon stocks to a new 3½ per cent. "long," and Mr. J. M. Keynes—God speed him—goes to America to clear up the financial side of the Lease and Lend Act. If only we could produce or borrow tanks as readily as we can produce or borrow dollars! It is clear that we are now running the financial side of this war far better than we are running the industrial. The Ministry of Supply has never recovered from its bad political start and even now its chiefs are diverting their organising abilities to such negative functions as raw material controls when they ought to be concentrating solely upon the production of more and more tanks and other munitions of war. Why does not the War Cabinet hand over the raw material control to the Board of Trade, the department which is specialising in the negative functions of restriction? It is, in fact, impossible for the Board of Trade efficiently to administer the home trade restriction scheme without being responsible for the control of raw material supplies. Incidentally the President of the Board of Trade has just announced the time limits, expiring in May, by which the voluntary schemes of concentration of production will have to be submitted. But it is extraordinary that we have had to wait until May, 1941, before the problem of concentrating manufacturing resources on munitions is tackled in real earnest. And even then we leave it to manufacturers, who have all along shown a preference for working solely for the highest profit and not for the highest service to the State, to work out their own concentration schemes voluntarily. We are running the industrial side of this war as if Hitler allowed us time to spare.

* * *

A correspondent suggests that I did an injustice to London Associated Electric ordinary stock. In giving a list last week of depressed British railway and utility stocks, which might form a suitable reinvestment for money forcibly repatriated from America, I included London Associated Electric and gave a blank for the yield. My correspondent points out that a dividend of 4½ per cent. has been paid in respect of 1940. This I knew, but the dividend was not earned and it would falsely encourage hopes to suggest that the stock can now be bought at 16s. to return a yield of £5 12s. per cent. No dividend may be paid this year. The following electrical supply shares offer a more certain income yield :—

	Price	High 1939	Div. % 1939	Div. % 1940	Div. Yield %
County of London £1	30/–	46/6	10	8	5.6
City of London £1 ...	22/–	33/9	7½	7	6.4
North Met. Power £1	29/–	46/6	10	7	4.9
Metropolitan £1	31/6	51/1½	10	8	5.4

Some of these dividends may still have to be reduced, but with income tax at 10s. in the £1 for the rest of the war income yield is not so important to the investor, who has been forced out of Depressed American utility preferreds by Treasury requisitionings, as capital recovery after the war. And as regards London electricity companies, including London Associated Electric, a recovery in their fortunes seems assured when peace returns.

* * *

As it is against sound policy to allow dividends to be increased during wartime, surely the Government should take powers to prohibit the declaration of tax-free dividends by public companies. In the case of tax-free equity shares the directors generally offset an increase in the tax by reducing the net dividend, but there are several preference share issues, entitled to a tax-free dividend, on which the gross yield increases with every stepping-up of the income tax rate. Here are some examples :—

	Price	Gross Yield %
Calcutta Electric 5% tax free pref. shs.	27/3	£7 7 6
Guest Keen 5% tax free 2nd pref. shs.	30/6	£6 10 0

There appears to be no limit to the rate of tax covered by the tax-free provisions of these issues. But this should be stopped—by overriding legislation.

* * *

The Chancellor's promise to relieve mining companies with wasting assets from the unfair burden of 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax is of great importance to British oil, copper and tin mining companies. The full details of the concession are not yet announced, but I gather that coal mining companies will be excluded. The basis of the concession will be to reduce the Excess Profits Tax payable by oil, copper and tin mines by a percentage equivalent to the reduction in their mining life. The copper and tin companies will require special investigation, but I would draw immediate attention to Trinidad Leaseholds at 3¼ and Trinidad Petroleum Development at 2¾, which will derive a real and substantial benefit from the Chancellor's proposals.

* * *

As the war moves unpleasantly close to Iraq and the Iranian oilfields one must expect the shares of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to droop. The ordinary are now 28/9, the 8 per cent. preference and the 9 per cent. preference 20/6 and 20/3 respectively. They may go lower and I advise all investors who are students of war, to judge the time when these shares should be bought. The right time will be the blackest hour—the hour before the dawn of victory for the democratic cause.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

QUALIFIED Teacher, speech, drama, evacuated Alton-Winchester district, wishes establish connection. Anyone interested? Enquire: IVY NURSE, L.R.A.M. (Eloc.), Cannon Dell Cottage, West Tisted, Alresford, Hants.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

PERSONAL

PLEASANT war work. Partner wanted for small Cornish market garden by naval officer's daughter aged 18. Reply stating age, experience and capital available. Box 9046.

UNIVERSITY man recently called up would deeply appreciate opportunity listening records—Mozart to Walton. Tunbridge Wells district. Box 9056.

JOURNALIST (vegetarian-pacifist) would like hear from writers, similar outlook, view to forming community in country, near London. Box 9090.

WANTED.
(1) Decennial Supplement to Registrar-General's *Annual Report*, 1938, Parts I and IIa.
(2) Registrar-General's *Statistical Review for the Year* 1939.
Please write, stating your prices for these copies to Box 9061.

WAR resister, 25, requires work of an agricultural nature. MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Hurstbourne Park, Whitchurch, Hants.

VERY quiet couple require to rent two rooms in farm or country house where they may rest or work undisturbed week-ends and occasionally during week. Within reasonable distance of London preferred. Safety area not essential. Box 9047.

"BERMALINE" BREAD contains all the natural nutriment especially Vitamin B. Restores energy, promotes digestion. Win through on "BERMALINE." Ask your Baker, write BERMALINE, Fairley St., Glasgow, S.W.1.

BIRTH CONTROL TO-DAY, by Dr. Marie Stopes, 5s. 4d. post free. Mothers' Clinic functioning though three times bombed. 108 Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

SHORT-STORY WRITING. There is a short cut to successful story-writing—the Regent way. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191H), Palace Gate, W.8.

SHIRTS made to measure. Expert workmanship. Send for patterns and measurement chart. SEYMOUR (Dept. N), 8 Horton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

MONOMARKS. Permanent postal address. 5s. p.a. Patronised by Royalty. Write BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

ACCORDING to A. S. Neill "Kingston is right in every way." Particulars :—Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

MISS OLLIVIER, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism, Constipation. Trained. Write Colnbrook, Bucks. Wel. 9711.

HOW to stop smoking. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

A DEGREE FOR YOU!

The Matriculation exam. need not deter those who have left their school days behind. London University Degree candidates over 23 may take the *shorter* Special Entrance Exam. Wolsey Hall Postal Courses offer many advantages: low fees, instalment terms, free loan of books, and, in the event of failure, continuation of tuition free of charge. 978 Wolsey Hall students have passed this examination.

Write for Free Guide to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Department VH12,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

HOTELS

KINGSLEY HOTEL. Near the British Museum. Telephones in all bedrooms. From 9s. 6d. per night.

ASK for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD. P.R.H.A., LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

BUTTERMERE. One of the most beautiful and peaceful little villages in England. HASSNESS, lovely country house, overlooking Buttermere Lake, surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery. Every comfort, central heating, electric light, H. & C. basins in all bedrooms. Own farm and garden produce. Terms from 5 *guineas*, special terms long stay. Apply VOAKE, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland. Telephone: Buttermere 9.

WOODSTOCK Guest House, Charlton, Singleton, Sussex. Mod. cntry. hse., every comf. 3 *gns.* p.w. Singleton 200.

WOODY-BAY HOTEL, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet, peaceful, safe area. H. & C. all rooms, spring mattresses, good food, farm produce, central heating, licensed. From 3½ *guineas* inclusive. Parracombe 64.

SOUTH STOKE, Goring-on-Thames. Guests received wanting country holiday in riverside village. Lovely garden. Intelligent cooking. Nannie and nursery accommodation available. KING, Fulbrook, S. Stoke.

ROCKINGHAM, Westward Ho! Devon. Quiet, comf. hse., peaceful sur. Mod. inc. terms. MISS FOLL. Northam 183.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

MODERN HOUSE, Vacant, to be let or sold, 5 bedrms., walled garden, tennis court. Main electricity. Reception area. Town 3 miles. JENKINS, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.

WANTED, small furnished house, country, 30-50 miles from London, not restricted area. HASSELL, West House, Rosemoor Street, S.W.3.

ACCOMMODATION

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambass. 2941. Nr. Marble Arch, Padd. Fr. 15s. 6d. p.w. 4s. daily, bkft.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Modern divan rooms. Resident proprietrix. Yng. company. Part board if desired. Good cooking. Moderate terms. Near bus and tube. PRImrose 5419.

SAFER LONDON. Comf. rooms and good meals at reasonable prices. 91 Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRImrose 6156.

QUIET week-ends nr. London from 30s. incl. 'Phone 315 Marlow-on-Thames, or write 9 Station Road.

HAMPSTEAD, 51 Lancaster Grove, Swiss Cottage. Large attractively furnished room, smaller communicating, overlooking pleasant gardens. Also single room. Every convenience Partial or full board. Quiet house. Telephone: Primrose 3352.

BASEMENT FLAT, W.14, well furnished, two large pleasant rooms, k. and b., strengthened indoor shelter, small garden. 30s. weekly to careful tenant. Box 9069.

HAMPSTEAD. 7 Lancaster Grove. University woman has divan rooms, h. and c. Gas fires. 13s.-19s. PRI. 0160.

Wanted

WANTED, Surrey-Bucks, small furn. or partly furn., preferably self contained accom., mod. sanitation and bath, maximum 25s. a week. For one person and baby. Box 9009.

MUSICIAN will welcome any ideas for accom. in reception area, where reasonable practice and music allowed. Own piano, furniture, etc., if required. Box 9071.

JORDANS, GERRARDS CROSS or STOKE POGES. Bungalow or cottage, unfurn. or furn., 2 pers., 1 child. Box 9089.

LADY (Graduate) requires small unfurnished flat or part of house, near Oxshott district, Surrey. Box 9075.

WANTED within thirty miles central London by professional woman, out all day, bed-sitting-room, with breakfast and evening meal. Box 724, Cummins' Library Muswell Hill.

TWO prof. women sk. accomm., quiet home, cntry. or pleasant residen. dis. outside Cardiff. Part bd. Box 9058.

TYPEWRITING, LITERARY, &c.

DUPLICATING, TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND, Manuscripts, Plays, Specifications. METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES, 2 Glenhurst Avenue, London, N.W.5. CHA. 7839 and SPE. 2820.

FOR efficient Duplicating and Typing—EFFICIENCY LETTER SERVICE, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Holborn 3216 (same building as *New Statesman*).

DUE to Enemy Action, ELSIE NEWTON (Typewriting), now at 23 Little Russell St., W.C.1. CHA 7919.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, and any other Books Bought for Cash. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)